

THE
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FREE-MASONS and CHURCH-MEETINGS.

Extract from a pamphlet, entitled, An Oration on the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, December, 28, 1795, in presence of a crowded assembly, at the Baptist meeting-house in Pittstown: By the Right Worshipful WILLIAM MOULTON, master of the Patriot Lodge, N^o 39, of the state of New York, &c.

To this pamphlet, by way of preface, is prefixed the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE public is presented, in the following pages, with an oration delivered on the late festival of St. John the Evangelist, by the right worshipful master of Patriot Lodge, N^o 39, of the state of New-York, regularly constituted and assembled in Pittstown; who was about to relinquish the privileges of a *mason*, and to invest another with the emblems of his office, merely to gratify the prejudices of some of his weak brethren of the Congregational Church in said town, of which he is a member: And also with a short address by the right worshipful J. M'Clung, master elect, on the same occasion.

These performances were exhibited to the lodge, in the Baptist meeting house, in Pittstown, before a crowded and respectable audience, who, in general, expressed the highest degree of satisfaction.

After the aforementioned performances, is inserted a *protest* against the proceedings of the
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Congregational Church, in Pittstown, as they respect their persecutions of their late worshipful master, William Moulton, on account of masonry; which protest was drawn up by the lodge, on granting him permission to desist from associating with the *fraternity*, for the reasons above hinted; and sent to the collective body of the church, by a respectable committee. But the church, wrapping itself up in its own *native jealousy*, *Christian humility and charity*, being determined to have no communication with the *works of darkness*, saw fit to treat the committee, from the lodge, with the highest degree of contempt and disrespect; even suffering them to deliver their message, or enter the apartment where their church was sitting, until their meeting was dissolved. Notwithstanding the principle charge alledged by the church against masons was, the private manner in which they held

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their meetings; the church, for once, have deigned to follow the example, and deny the admission of any person not being a member of their select body.

It may, perhaps, not be improper in this place, to give the reader a brief statement of this business, that he may be better enabled to judge of the propriety and justice of the remarks, which he will meet with in the following work.

The case is this:—A complaint, some time past, was entered in the Congregational Church, in Pittstown, against the said William Moulton, who is a member thereof, for this,—that he, the said William Moulton, belongs to the order of *free and accepted masons*, and publicly associates with that society.—When in fact he had been a mason for the space of *twelve years*, previous to the organization of said church; and being such, was received into fellowship and communion with that body.

The church, doubting its capacity to proceed upon a matter of so important as what this appeared, in their apprehension, to be, called in a council, of which the Rev. J. S——t, of Bennington, was president, to whom they referred this extraordinary question, “Shall a church-member, being a mason, or becoming such, be fellowshiped or excommunicated by the church?”

The decision or advice of this council was, in substance, that a *church-member*, being a member of a regular lodge, or belonging to the order of *free masons*, is not a disciplinable matter; but it is the duty of such member to labour with his aggrieved brother, and satisfy his prejudices against masonry; which, if he cannot do, it is

then his duty to withdraw himself from the lodge. It is suggested, that on the investigation of this question, and in drawing up this strange decision (particularly the latter clause of it) the members of the council seemed to be convicted that they were about to judge a cause unheard, and which they did by no means understand, save the reverend president, who (though equally ignorant of masonry as the members of the council, presumed, probably from the credit he gave to a spurious pamphlet on masonry, which it is said, induced him, harlequin like, on a former occasion, to attempt a display of the masonic hieroglyphics) with all the assurance of *pontifical infallibility*, could decide on the covenant obligations of an unfortunate mason, who could not remove the prejudices of a bigoted and predetermined mind. The church adopted the decision, or advice of the said council; and enjoined their said brother Moulton to withdraw himself from the lodge, or associating with masons; at the same time inhibiting him the communion of the church until he should comply with that order; without considering any regard due to obligations which he might be under to the masonic fraternity.

Extract from the Oration of the Right Worshipful William Moulton.

AS I am now to resign the chair to my worthy successor, permit me to testify the grateful sense I feel of the honour I received in being advanced to that dignity.

Your generous and unanimous choice of me, for your first master, demands my thankful acknowledgments:

ments; though at the same time I sincerely wish, that my abilities had been more adequate to the duties of the office to which your kind partiality elected me. But this has always been, and still is my greatest consolation, that however deficient I may have been in the discharge of my duty, none can boast a heart more devoted to the good of the institution in general, and the reputation of this lodge in particular.

But, my brethren, I am called upon to withdraw from meeting with you in the lodge, as a necessary means to restore and perpetuate harmony in another society, *I mean the church to which I belong, to which I feel myself under obligation.* Although I have as independent and unquestionable a right to enjoy all the privileges of a mason, as St. Paul had to those of a Roman; yet I wish to submit, in condescension to the weakness and infirmity of dotage, led astray by groundless prejudices, too deep rooted to be eradicated. The attempt to dissect a member from the lodge, and the personal injury done to myself, I feel most sensibly: If money had been offered me, never more to exercise the privilege of a mason, many hundreds of pounds would have been unavailing as a straw: But your noble magnanimity in condescending in this extreme case to grant me your permission (an act expressive of that "charity which seeketh not her own,") to withdraw from meeting in your assemblies, ought to make an indelible impression on every heart: And let me console myself in this, that if my offspring should be raised up, and blessed with the virtues that constitute worthy candidates for the craft, the door may be opened

for their admittance to the enjoyment of privileges which are denied me.

Would every brother consider the advantages he derives, as a man, by being a free mason, he would readily confess, that the glorious precepts inculcated in all regular lodges, are calculated in the most eminent manner to form the mind to goodness. In them it is strongly recommended to us to cultivate our several duties to God, our neighbours, and ourselves; and yet it must be confessed, there are some who have been initiated masons, and who, to their eternal shame, not only disregard our excellent rules, but, to all appearance, are little inclined to regulate their conduct by them, any longer than they are constrained to do it in the lodge.

Suffer me to enjoin it on you, to be exceeding careful who you admit into the society; some times mere curiosity, views of self interest, or a groundless presumption, that the principle business of a lodge is mirth and entertainment, hath induced men of loose principles, and discordant tempers, to procure admission into our community. This has occasioned great discredit and uneasiness to the craft, such persons being no way qualified for a society founded on wisdom, and cemented by morality and brotherly love.

A protest against the proceedings of the Congregational Church in Pittstown.

The Master, Wardens, and Brethren of Patriot Lodge, No. 39, assembled in Pittstown, to the Deacons and Members of the Congregational Church in Pittstown.

IT having been represented to the lodge, by our worthy brother, William

William Moulton, that divers *unfounded and uncharitable complaints and accusations* have been brought forward by your church, or some of its members, against our said brother Moulton, merely on account of his being a member of the most *ancient and honourable order of free and accepted masons*—and also that the *reverend council of the fathers of your church*, have enjoined it on you to *desist from associating with your lodge, or any other of the order, for the future, merely to gratify the pusillanimous jealousies and bigoted opinions of some of his weak brethren of your church*; and in order to comply with that requisition, our said brother Moulton hath made application to our lodge for permission to withdraw himself accordingly. Whereupon our lodge, ever desirous to cultivate and spread abroad the *principles of philanthropy and good will to all mankind*, and particularly to *establish peace and good faith between ourselves and those with whom we are destined to have a nearer intercourse in life*, have consented that our said brother Moulton may *desist from associating with this lodge, until your church and its members shall be disposed to rescind their persecutions against him, on account of masonry*. And this we have consented to, merely from the *principles above stated*, however reluctantly we gratify *persecution and prejudice in any member of men whatsoever*. But being constitutionally opposed to all *bigotry, persecution, and oppression*, we cannot justify a compliance with that requisition, without *solemnly protesting against the conduct of your church, towards our said brother Moulton, and also in the unwarranted odium which some of your members have endeavoured to cast on the fraternity of masons*. And

herein the lodge declare, that they intend no *attack upon any religious principles whatever*; but rather to set before the eyes of the church a *picture of its own conduct*, or at least that of *some of its members*, that they may see how little it accords with the *principles they profess*.

That those principles are *universal benevolence and unbounded charity*—that you *do no wrong*—that you *surmise no evil*; but that, in imitation of the character of that being who causes his sun to shine on the evil as well as the good, and sends his rain alike on the just and on the unjust—you will *sacrifice personal resentment*—will *do good to all mankind*, and always encourage and promote *peace, harmony, and concord in society*.

That in contradiction of these principles, you have *persecuted one of your members*, because he was found to belong to the order of free and accepted masons—an order whose avowed principles are *universal benevolence and unbounded charity*—an institution evidently founded on the broad basis of *moral and social virtue*. That you have virtually laid this injunction upon him, to submit himself to the *anathemas of an ecclesiastical council, or abandon an institution which his heart most cordially esteems, and which, that of every good man, unbiassed by prejudice—undeluded by ignorance, must approve*.

That, incapable of adducing any facts, prejudicial to the masonic institution, (saving such as, arising from the imbecility of human nature, are incident to every human society)—you have encouraged, if not sanctioned, its condemnation, as a *machination of the devil*—merely because it preserves its grand arcanum inviolate from the prying attempts of a curious world

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--That by encouraging these unwarrantable attacks against our order, founded only in the evil surmises of your own hearts, or those of some particular members of your select body, you have, in the opinion of this lodge, essentially departed from the practice of that unbounded charity which is most strongly enjoined by the principles of that holy religion which you profess. That herein, instead of doing good for evil, you have been rendering evil for good; abusing and endeavouring to vilify the character of those who have extended the liberal and munificent hand to support and build you up. That the lodge and its members could acquit themselves to justice, should they withdraw every species of support from you, until you utterly relinquish your persecutions against them as a body, and every of its members. But benevolence dictates to the masonic heart, a mode of conduct far more grateful to the philanthropic mind than that of retaliation for past injuries. Yet the church may not expect, perhaps, to obtain that liberal assistance from this lodge, and its members, so long as they set themselves in array against the craft, or persist in the detention of any of its members, which you might reasonably expect on pursuing a different mode of conduct towards our order.

Unwilling to censure with severity, and fully persuaded that the church, upon a deliberate view of its past conduct, will rescind its former resolution, the lodge most sincerely pities the stupidity of the ignorant, and the weakness of the prejudiced mind.

By order of the lodge,

E. RANDALL, Sec'y.

A short account of the Rasp-House at Amsterdam.

THE Dutch being sensible, that more disorders in a state, are owing to crimes of a lesser, than of a more heinous nature, as the latter are but seldom perpetrated, the former every day, where allowed—and, considering that it is by means of the former or lesser crimes, that people harden themselves by degrees to the commission of greater, prudently determined, that no crime in their country should be without an adequate punishment. With this intent, they set up that famous building, the rasp house, at Amsterdam, in which are several orders of punishment, for the different degrees of vice; the idle are made only to work, the wicked and idle are made to work and are punished too; and there are other apartments, where softer means are used for reclaiming less hardened offenders, and where confinement is the only punishment; good advice supplying, and that often very happily, the place of the rod or whip; and the effect of this is not only that they have there no such scenes as those frequent in other countries, but they bring back many to industry and virtue whom we leave to the gallows.

The entry to the rasp house is through two strong gateways of stone, which lead into a spacious square; over the outer gate, there is a carrier loaded with rasps, saws, and other implements of industry, used in the house; his waggon not drawn by horses, but by wolves, bears, lions, and tigers, which the carrier drives along with a whip; over it are these words:

Virtus est domare, quæ cuncti pavent.

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That is: it is the work of virtue, to tame those creatures which all men fear.

Over the gateway, are carved two strong naked fellows, with their legs fettered, rasping logwood. The logwood being a commodity of great trade with the Dutch, they make their criminals rasp that, as we make ours beat hemp. Round the square, on the ground floor, are the prison rooms, which have iron bars for windows, and in the middle of the square stands a pillow, on the top of which is the figure of justice, with a pair of scales in one hand, and a sword in the other. To this pillar the unruly criminals are tied to be whipped; these lower wards receive all the criminals, thieves, and vagabonds, not guilty of capital crimes; these, according to their demerits, are whipped often or seldom at the post, and are confined in these apartments, and made to labour hard in the rasping of logwood. Over these is another set of apartments, into which they put idle and vicious boys, vagrants, strollers, and beggars, who are troublesome to the people in the streets; these are all made to work according to their several abilities, and the boys have a school, where they are taught to read and write at the public expence, and often this proves a nursery of valuable and industrious persons.

The place where the building stands was formerly a convent, famed for miraculous cures of lameness and other disorders, and it seems yet to possess the same virtue; more persons have been cured of pretended lameness and other disorders, at the post in the middle of this square, than by all the

doctors and surgeons in many centuries.

Behind these public wards, there is a private one, in which are kept undutiful and wicked youths, who are sent thither by their parents or guardians; here they have no punishment, besides the confinement, and are visited by sober persons, who talk to them of the nature of their crimes, and try to instill into their minds a love of virtue and hatred of vice. Every one has here his private cell, unknown to the others, and to all the world; and here they are kept till they give hopes and promises of amendment; they are then returned to their parents with all secrecy, and the absence is called a journey into the country. Nor is this part of the house kept for children alone, for a wife, making the grounds of her complaint against her husband appear, may send him thither in the same manner.



A Dialogue on Avarice and Covetousness: The history of the two Genoese Merchants.

ASTREA.

THE contempt with which poverty is treated, is the plea of avarice: the apparent happiness which luxury exhibits, and the respect which an high rank attracts, are the excuses of covetousness: but the miser is no less poor for being voluntarily so; and, as he keeps from many the means of subsistence, without making use of them for himself, he deserves a double portion of shame; while the covetous man, who cannot be said to possess the good

good which he still pursues, has no title to the advantages he thinks to reap by them. Such is the inconsistency of artificial passions, in which they differ very much from natural ones; for these last have true enjoyments, of which only excess can deprive them; while the others feed on illusion, and are incessantly agitated by painful dreams, the end of which is real misery.

JANUS.

Do you think, that the aim of him who covets riches and grandeur, is to draw after him a crowd of parasites and sycophants? No; he wants to trample upon true merit, of which he is conscious, that himself is entirely destitute, and to insult that nobleness of soul, which no titles, no honours, can give, and which is the patrimony of an enlightened mind and a virtuous heart.

AGLAIA.

Then the miser is a better companion: his humble looks seem to announce, that he expects neither flattery nor obsequiousness, but rather dreads them as an attempt upon his treasure; he may, consequently, be deemed a being almost harmless to society, and hurtful only to himself.

BAUCIS.

Yes; if he were not unjust and inhuman, not only to strangers, but also to his nearest relations.

EUPHROSINE.

I must own, that I, by much, prefer the covetous man, who is full of life, to the avaricious one, who is the image of death. I like to see the merchant running through the most imminent dangers, daring stormy seas, recoiling at no sort of hardships; and all,

in order to squander the gold he has so painfully and hazardously acquired in vain and ridiculous ostentation. I am delighted, when the ambitious courtier, who has pined and struggled the best part of his life, in order to be looked upon as a man of importance, finds himself, at last, unnoticed in the number of the fools he wanted to equal.

PHILEMON.

It is certain that if the world could be prevailed upon to see these dangerous passions in a ridiculous light, it would be the means of destroying them; since, it is not nature, but prejudice, which encourages them; however, in this there will be a danger, on which I soon intend to explain myself.

THALIA.

What evil can be put in comparison with those that the thirst for riches has brought on mankind? The cruelties, the desolation of civil and foreign wars, and often the devastation of half the world, have been the consequences of it.

POLLUX.

Nay, ambition can claim its share of these evils: Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charles the twelfth, were more insatiable of glory, than our nabobs of Indian gold; and nobody was the better for their dreadful successes.

ASTREA.

It is needless to dispute about the pre-eminence of two things, bad in themselves. Let us return to our main subject: We know the original of avarice and covetousness: we have followed these passions in the course they take; let us now hear some details of their

their pernicious effects; after which, Philemon may say what he thinks proper in their favour.

CASTOR.

At the time when the famous city of Genoa held the empire of the sea, and was in the meridian of its glory, lived in its now humbled walls two eminent merchants, who could boast, as well as many of their countrymen, of inheriting the vices with which the ancient Romans reproached the Ligurians, their ancestors.

Both these men, who are the heroes of my history, were, however, distinguished amidst the multitude by their predominant passions; the one, whose name was Signior Riccardo Pinelli, by his sordid avarice; and the other, called Signior Annibale Pavese, by his insatiable covetousness.

Although they were nearly related, their contrary dispositions had always prevented an intimacy between them; for Pavese was perpetually devising schemes, in which he ventured all his wealth in order to increase it; while Pinelli, thinking that his gold was never so secure as in his strong box, had almost given up trading for fear of accidents.

As the censures they lavished upon one another's conduct were repeated to them by malevolent hearers, a reciprocal, but concealed hate, had taken possession of their hearts; when the dormant sparks thereof were blown up by a rapacious attorney, who persuaded Pavese that he had an undoubted right to an estate which Pinelli enjoyed.

A lawsuit between such adversaries could not but be very abundant in those bitter fruits which the rugged soil of legal contentions

always produces, when those, whose profession it is to labour in it, join to some skill a mind corrupted by interest, and a heart entirely devoid of feelings. The advocates, of both parties, spared them not deceitful hopes and artful encouragements, in exchange for a more substantial coin; inasmuch, that they went on in this litigious dispute for the space of several years; and probably would have never been tired of it, if their favourite passions had not, at last, gotten the better of their mutual animosity.

Pinelli was the first who listened to the proposal of an accommodation, which some common friends made to him; for he was convinced, by this time, that the full value of the estate, which he wanted to preserve, could by no means indemnify him for the daily decrease of his treasure. As to Pavese, who debarred himself of many extensive prospects, in order to pursue one, which was, at the best, very much contracted, he was extremely pleased to be overpersuaded.

They made an agreement in the most solemn form, as follows: That Pinelli, who had two daughters, should give the choice of either of them to the son of Pavese, with the litigated estate for her portion; but that, in case the match should not take place at the appointed time, whether by the fault of either of the two fathers, or that of their children, the party on whose side the obstacle should arise, was to forfeit every claim to the aforesaid land.

No sooner had they signed this deed, than each of them began to consider how he could take advantage thereof against his adversary;

in which they were very much encouraged by their lawyers, who, being the real losers by it, wanted to change the peace they could not prevent, into a short truce.

The art of taking hold of a mind, prepossessed with a strong passion, is so easy, that it requires no skill to become a perfect adept in it with a base and interested heart. No wonder, if in a city, where few could boast of noble sentiments and true generosity, there were not wanting flatterers, or rather incendiaries, who persuaded Pinelli, that the bare hope of his inheritance was sufficient to procure suitable comforts to his daughters, without depriving himself of any part of his wealth.

These insinuations, joined to his own evil bent, suggested a scheme, that one would hardly think possible to enter the mind of a father. He resolved to encourage the love, which Lorenzo, son of Pavese, had already professed for his daughter Olimpia, and to deprive him of her for ever, when he should be well assured that his passion could not change in favour of Lisabetta, his other daughter; for then he might hope for the refusal, by which the possession of the estate was to be insured to him.

Though Pavese had not, in his turn, wanted instigators, who represented to him, that, with his laudable activity, and the fortune he would probably acquire by it, he might marry his son to the daughter of a nobleman, whose interest might help him to buy the venal title of a senator; he had not so readily as Pinelli, contrived the means of breaking his engage-

ment without danger, but waited with the same unfeeling heart a proper opportunity for doing it.

In the mean time, the enamoured Lorenzo, and the tender Olimpia, who had no idea of the perfidy of their fathers, enjoyed, under their apparent sanction, all the pleasures, that an affection, founded upon innocence, and supported by hope, can afford. Their only uneasiness was the dejection into which Lisabetta had fallen, and which she manifested by peevishness and ill nature, the more painful to them, for not being able to unravel the motive of it.

This allay to their happiness had, however, a very natural cause: Lisabetta had found in Lorenzo too many accomplishments for her peace. As she was much inferior to Olimpia in the qualifications of the mind as in personal charms, she made no struggle against her passion: but blinded by pride, and inflamed by envy, she incessantly accused fortune and her father, for the preference that her younger sister had obtained over herself.

A year only was wanting to the prefixed time of the agreed nuptials; when Pinelli, thoroughly convinced that Lorenzo had as much aversion to Lisabetta as love for Olimpia, thought of putting his barbarous design in execution. To this effect, he apprized the unworthy Lisabetta, whose sentiments he had easily discovered, of that part of his intention, which might raise her hope, and secure her compliance with his orders: then taking the opportunity of Lorenzo's absence, he carried Olimpia to his country seat, endeavouring by a well dissembled

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fondness, to blind that devoted victim respecting the dangers which awaited her.

This caution was unnecessary with the unsuspecting and dutiful maid; for hearing her father say, that urgent business obliged him to depart immediately for Marseilles, she offered him her attendance, although she could not remember, without a sigh, that her Lorenzo was daily expected from his journey.

With the same facility, Pinelli persuaded his daughter, on their arrival at Marseilles, that it would be proper she should retire to a nunnery during his stay in that city; pretending, that the affair he had to transact would perpetually detain him from home, where she could not decently and comfortably remain alone and unprotected.

The sweet temper of Olimpia made her willingly submit to every thing that was agreeable to her father, who daily visited her. He often asked her, with a seeming kindness, if she had heard from her lover; to which she answered with a mournful negative; for the letters she had written to him, by the order of her cruel parent, had not been sent, and care was taken that none should ever reach Genoa.

The quietness and content which seem to reign in those retreats, whose inaccessible walls religion may formerly have raised, but which are certainly now supported by avarice, are well calculated for making an agreeable impression upon the young and innocent victims, whom arbitrary and basely interested parents devote to heaven. Olimpia felt the charms of her new abode as long as she could not reproach Lorenzo with neg-

lect: but then fell into a melancholy, which partly disposed her mind for the last blow that an un pitying father had in store for her.

He came one day, with a thoughtful and irritated brow, and presenting her with a letter, said: "See, my poor deluded daughter, and bear, if you can, the affront offered to us. As for me, I am bent upon revenge, and nothing can deter me from it."

While he spoke thus, the trembling Olimpia having opened the letter, found these words, written by the hand of Pavese: "My son absolutely refuses to marry your daughter; he has undertaken a long voyage, in order to lose the painful remembrance of what is past. If you insist on defrauding me of my right, may the wrath of heaven continue to pour misfortune and shame on your head! This is the wish of one, who likes better to subscribe himself your enemy, than your relation."

No passion steels the human heart against natural feelings so much as avarice: Anger may be appeased, envy and cruelty disarmed by a sudden impulse of pity; but the miser, being hardened both by system and habit, is proof against the most moving sights.

Thus Pinelli, seeing Olimpia almost expiring at his feet, called coldly to the nuns for help, and retired to his house, rejoicing inwardly at his infamous success; but especially at the laconic style of Pavese, whose letter had so well answered his end, although it had a sense far different from that with which he had deceived his unfortunate daughter; and had been written in consequence of the following detestable plot.

Lisabetta, faithful to the orders

of her father, because they satisfied her envy and flattered her hope, failed not, at the departure of Pinelli for Marseilles, to give out, that he was gone a journey which required the most profound secrecy; and that her sister was come back from the country, with all the symptoms of a very dangerous small pox.

In a city, where are to be found men, abandoned enough to make a trade of murdering in cold blood, and to be hired for this purpose at a very low price, Lisabetta could not want accomplices for carrying on her criminal design. Her servants and the physicians accepted thankfully the wages of iniquity; and the report of Olimpia's supposed illness and death was so well established throughout Genoa, that the most suspicious minds could not in the least doubt the truth of it. The nature of the feigned distemper not permitting that the pretended corpse should be exposed with its face uncovered in the church, according to the custom of the country, the coffin was privately nailed down, and afterwards carried with great solemnity and pomp to the burying place of the family.

On the day after this mournful ceremony, Lorenzo arrived: What news for a passionate lover! The natural firmness of his soul was overpowered by it; and, for a long while, his unabated grief put his life in the utmost danger.

Pavese attended his son with a diligence and assiduity that did honour to his paternal tenderness, but which were less owing to so good a principle, than to his fear of losing with him the dearest expectations of his double covetousness for riches and honours.

No sooner the powerful balm of

youth had restored health to the afflicted Lorenzo, than his unfeeling father, after having rehearsed to him all the common and vain phrases meant in such cases to administer comfort, added: "I cannot delay any longer, my dear Lorenzo, to inform you of our present situation. Pinelli, from the dark and unknown place, where he undoubtedly conceals some shameful transaction of his avarice, has written to me; and, in order to take advantage of your just affliction, offers you his daughter Lisabetta in the room of Olimpia; well knowing, that your refusal must cost us the contested estate. Speak freely, however; no mercenary views shall ever cause your father to become your tyrant."

The name of Olimpia, and the bare idea of Lisabetta, drew a flood of tears from the eyes of Lorenzo; he gratefully thanked his father, and assured him, that in every thing but pledging his faith to Lisabetta, or any other woman, he was ready to comply with his desires, being willing to repair by his diligence the loss he was going to sustain for his sake.

"This is what I expected from so dutiful a son," returned Pavese; "I knew, besides, that nothing but the charms of Olimpia could have obliged you to overlook the disadvantage of an alliance with Pinelli. An higher destiny is in store for you, and I hope you will in time acknowledge it. In the mean while, you may give me a proof of your obedience and zeal, which, instead of being painful to your heart, will help to cure its cruel wound. I have armed a galley, on board of which I have put brave and resolute men, whom you shall command. Go and cruise

cruise the seas as a privateer ; give chase to the Algerines, our enemies, and let not, if possible, one of their roving ships escape you. Your value will recommend you to the senate, and procure you a rank worthy of your merit ; while the captures that fortune may throw in your way will furnish the means of supporting it, and amply repay the condescension and love which I have always shewn you."

No proposal could be more pleasing than this to Lorenzo ; for he was prompted to it, not only by his natural courage, and his tender attachment to his father, but also by the horror of remaining in the fatal place where he had lost his beloved.

It was on this occasion, and immediately after the departure of Lorenzo, that Pavese answered Pinelli in the manner above mentioned. His letter was sent to Lisabetta, who conveyed it to her father, not without having previously read it, and favoured its real bitterness, and convinced herself, that the only fruit she had to expect from her crime, was the detestable satisfaction of making her amiable sister miserable.

How could the artless Olimpia extricate herself from this labyrinth of complicated horrors ! She entertained not the least doubt of the veracity of her father ; and was so far from having any idea of the treachery, that the apparent perfidiousness of Lorenzo filled her mind with no less surprise than grief. No wonder if, with this simplicity, she fell into a new deception, which would have proved of worse consequence than the first, if providence had not interposed in her behalf.

The dissembled tenderness of her father, the seducing caresses and affected cheerfulness of the nuns, had caused a soft melancholy to succeed her first anguish of mind ; when, mistaking her own sentiments, she took the stifled despair of disappointed love for a true vocation from heaven, and declared her intention of solemnly renouncing the world, and passing her days in the retirement where she had found so many amiable companions.

Although this was the summit of Pinelli's wishes, he seemed very reluctant to the proposal, alledging to his daughter the blush he should be put to, if, at his return to Genoa, it was reported that her regret for an unworthy man had been the occasion of so painful a sacrifice : " For," added he, " you may alter your mind ; you may, by a weakness, not at all strange in lovers, reproach Lorenzo with his inconstancy, and thus give the lie to every thing that, in such a case, I should be willing to say in order to save your honour. But rather than bear the scorn of Pavese, and the insolent boast of his son, I would myself plunge a dagger in their perfidious hearts, and with the same weapons, piercing my own breast, die with the consolation of a just revenge."

With these artful words and threats Pinelli drew Olimpia into the necessity of taking a solemn oath never to write to Genoa, and to conceal from the whole world the place of her retirement, and even her existence. Nothing proves so well, that the invariable rules of right and wrong are impressed on our mind by nature itself, as the confidence which wicked men place in those whose integrity

integrity is known to them; the advantage they take of a heart virtuously inclined, is an homage they render to virtue, and a full acknowledgment of their own unworthiness.

Olimpia having now obtained the paternal sanction to her desires, pressed for her admittance into the pious society with the utmost eagerness, little thinking how well she was seconded by her father, who spared neither promises nor money to get her request speedily granted.

It had been agreed, that the ceremony of taking the veil should be performed as privately as possible; when, on the eve of the appointed day, Pinelli, who overacted his part, as every deceiver does, expressed a wish to embrace his daughter for the last time. In compliance with his just demand, Olimpia was sent to one of those outside parlours which a close grate parts from those allowed to the nuns. Here her sensible heart was so much moved by the hypocritical caresses with which the cruel destroyer of her peace loaded her, that, on seeing him busy with the steward of the convent about the expences of the approaching festival, she took her leave of him to seek for a momentary repose in the sanctuary, which she deemed capable of creating a lasting and quiet content.

As she was crossing the vestibule which generally stands between the two gates of nunneries, and was going to knock at the fatal one, she was stopped by a woman, who, with a low and trembling voice, thus addressed her: "O disappear not, amiable phantom, without speaking a word to your grateful Theresa, who, with the

most unbounded grief, has attended the corpse you represent to its grave, and has so often bedewed the cold stone with her tears! O, what joy would such a heavenly vision cause to poor Lorenzo! he, who has been so overcome by sorrow, that he has not only exposed himself to his father's displeasure by refusing to marry Lisabetta, but has also quitted Genoa, perhaps for ever!"

[To be continued.]



Copy of a Letter from Col. John A. Graham, to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

No. 340, Strand, May 11, 1795.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of addressing your Grace on the 28th day of April, praying for such an answer as might justify me as agent before the convention of the Episcopal Church of Vermont, and the governor thereof, respecting the consecration of their bishop elect; a favour solicited on the principles of religion, order, and policy, as it relates to the divine right of Episcopacy, and the prosperity of the Church of England in Vermont, admissible by the act of parliament, of 1786, and resting entirely on your Grace's discretion and benevolence.

The necessities of the Church of Vermont, and my family concerns, require my speedy return to America. I therefore hope your Grace will soon find leisure to give me such an answer as will naturally tend to keep up the present harmony of the Church in Vermont, and prevent that discord inevitable and ruinous to canonical Episcopacy in that state, should the convention

tion

tion be defeated in their present application to your Grace, and the cause thereof be made public.

I see myself to be in an unpleasant situation on my return, unless I should be able to assign satisfactory reasons for not succeeding in my embassy from the convention to your Grace.

The convention of Vermont want not to be told, that the English bishops are not obliged to consecrate their bishop elect, or that the three bishops of the three states in America may or may not meet to consecrate him; it will be sufficient, as I believe, to convince the majority of the convention, that the divine right of Protestant Episcopacy is not deemed necessary in the Church of Vermont, when they shall be told, that the English bishops have refused to consecrate their bishop elect, under an act of parliament, made for that pious and benevolent purpose.—I augur the consequences will be, that the deistical and philosophic part of Americans, will publish comparisons between the conduct of the English bishops and those of the Greek and Latin churches, as well as those of the cœtus of Holland, the Kirk of Scotland, and the superintendants of the Lutherans in Germany, who annually send labourers into the vineyard of America, to promote what they deem to be the glory of the Church of Christ.

My Lord, did I not believe in the divine right of Episcopacy, as well as in Christianity, I should not have become an agent of a very respectable convention of a respectable state, but would have advised the convention to have elected some person to be their bishop, and then to have petitioned their sovereign magistrate to

consecrate him, as Moses did Aaron.

Should your Grace refuse to consecrate the present bishop elect of Vermont, he has resolved not to go out with me. Consequently, on my return, the convention most likely will elect another person, who will be content with a consecration performed by the governor, and not trouble themselves with the three bishops, widely spread in America, or elsewhere; and at the same time publish to the world their reasons for so doing—With a view to prevent schism, and such evils, I came to England.

I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN A. GRAHAM, *Agent*
of the Episcopal Convention
of Vermont.

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of
Canterbury.

*Copy of a Letter from the Archbishop
of Canterbury to Col. John A. Gra-
ham.*

Canterbury, June 17, 1795.

S I R,

HAVING frequently stated to you, in the fullest and most explicit manner, and once particularly in the presence of the Rev. S. PETERS, the grounds and reasons which induced me to decline taking any steps to obtain his majesty's licence for the consecration of a bishop for the Protestant Episcopal Church in Vermont, I hoped there would be no call upon me to repeat them, but that your representations of those statements would be all-sufficient to exculpate you to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Vermont, who have elected that gentleman their bishop, and to his excellency Gov.

Gov. Chittenden, who united with their convention in recommending him for consecration in England.

I cannot, however, refuse your request to me, to state in writing the grounds on which my conduct in this business is founded.

I beg leave to observe, then, that the statement which I made to you, was founded on a perfect recollection, that the spirit and intention of the act of parliament, which enabled the English archbishops and bishops to consecrate bishops for America, with the king's licence, extends only to such a number as might, on their return to that country, consecrate a sufficient supply to keep up a succession in their Protestant Episcopal Church there. His majesty clearly understood this to be the sole object of the bill presented to parliament. The archbishops and bishops understood it precisely in the same way; and that such was the intention and purport of it, and no more, I myself stated in the house of lords, when I was called upon by the Earl of Effingham, and others, to explain "what occasion there was for such a bill, and to what number of bishops our consecration, were meant to extend."

I must add further, that on the 4th of July, 1786, I wrote from Canterbury to the committee of the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, sending a copy of the act, and stating, that we understood it as above explained.

You will find my letter in the printed journal, which I sent you before I left London, of a convention of the Protestant Episcopal

Church, holden at Wilmington, October 10th and 11th, 1786. To the same journal I must also refer you for another letter, sent by me and the archbishop of York to the convention, stating the solemn testimonies we should require respecting the literary, moral, and religious characters of the persons sent to us for consecration.

You will allow me to recommend to your particular attention the very solemn forms of testimonials, which accompanied our letter, and which we insisted upon, as essential to us in point of conscience, before we could proceed to consecrate any person sent to us for consecration from that distant country.

So much for the general question respecting the number of bishops intended by the act to be consecrated here for the states of America, on which the archbishops and bishops entirely concur in opinion.— But were the case otherwise, were they all of opinion that any greater number might be consecrated by that act, Mr. Peters could not receive consecration from us, since we could have no such testimony relative to him from Vermont, (where for the last twenty years he has never resided) as we always have insisted upon previous to that solemn act on our part. Nor could the want of that testimony be supplied in England, where he has lived all that time, without the exercise of any ecclesiastical function within the cognizance or jurisdiction of any of our bishops.

J. CANTUAR.

Col. J. Graham.

AMER.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

N^o II. *Sketch of the Life of the late Maj. Gen. GREENE.*

[Concluded from p. 64.]

SOME time after the battle of Guilford, Gen. Greene determined to return to South Carolina, to endeavour to expel the British from that state. His first object was to attempt the reduction of Camden, where Lord Rawdon was posted, with about 900 men. The strength of this place, which was covered on the south and east sides by a river and creek—and, to the westward and northward, by six redoubts—rendered it impracticable to carry it by storm, with the small army Gen. Greene had, consisting of about 700 continentals. He therefore encamped at about a mile from the town, in order to prevent supplies from being brought in, and to take advantage of such favourable circumstances as might occur.

Lord Rawdon's situation was extremely delicate. Col. Watson, whom he had some time before detached, for the protection of the eastern frontiers, and to whom he had, on intelligence of General Greene's intentions, sent orders to return to Camden, was so effectually watched by Gen. Marian, that it was impossible for him to obey. His lordship's supplies were, moreover, very precarious: and should Gen. Greene's reinforcements arrive, he might be so closely invested, as to be at length obliged to surrender. In this dilemma, the best expedient that suggested itself was a bold attack: for which purpose, he armed every person with him, capable of carrying a musket, not excepting his musicians and drummers. He sallied out on the

25th of April, and attacked Gen. Greene in his camp. The defence was obstinate: and for some part of the engagement, the advantage appeared to be in favour of America. Lieut. Col. Washington, who commanded the cavalry, had at one time not less than 200 British prisoners. However, by the misconduct of one of the American regiments, victory was snatched from Gen. Greene, who was compelled to retreat. He lost in the action about 200, killed, wounded, and prisoners. Rawdon lost about 258.

There was a great similarity between the consequences of the affair at Guilford, and those of this action. In the former, Lord Cornwallis was successful; but was afterwards obliged to retreat two hundred miles from the scene of action, and for a time abandoned the grand object of penetrating to the northward. In the latter, Lord Rawdon had the honour of the field, but was shortly after reduced to the necessity of abandoning his post, and leaving behind him a number of sick and wounded.

The evacuation of Camden, with the vigilance of Gen. Greene, and the several officers he employed, gave a new complexion to affairs in South Carolina, where the British ascendancy declined more rapidly than it had been established. The numerous forts, garrisoned by the enemy, fell, one after the other, into the hands of the Americans. Orangeburg, Mote, Watson, Georgetown, Granby, and all the

the others, Fort Ninety-six excepted, were surrendered; and a very considerable number of prisoners of war, with military stores and artillery, were found in them.

On the 22d of May, Gen. Greene sat down before Ninety six, with the main part of his little army.—The siege was carried on for a considerable time with great spirit: and the place was defended with equal bravery. At length, the works were so far reduced, that a surrender must have been made in a few days, when a reinforcement of three regiments, from Europe, arrived at Charleston, which enabled Lord Rawdon to proceed to relieve this important post. The superiority of the enemy's force reduced Gen. Greene to the alternative of abandoning the siege altogether, or, previous to their arrival, of attempting the fort by storm. The latter was more agreeable to his enterprising spirit: and an attack was made, on the morning of the 19th of June. He was repulsed, with the loss of 150 men. He raised the siege, and retreated over the Saluda.

Dr. Ramsay, to whom the writer of this sketch is indebted, for most of the facts herein contained, speaking of the state of affairs about this period, says,—“Truly distressing was the situation of the American army: when in the grasp of victory, to be obliged to expose themselves to a hazardous assault, and afterwards to abandon the siege: when they were nearly masters of the whole country, to be compelled to retreat to its extremity: after subduing the greatest part of the force sent against them, to be under the necessity of encountering still greater reinforcements, when their remote situation precluded them from the hope of

receiving a single recruit—in this gloomy situation, there were not wanting persons who advised Gen. Greene to leave the state, and retire with his remaining forces to Virginia. To arguments and suggestions of this kind, he nobly replied—‘I will recover the country, or die in the attempt.’ This distinguished officer, whose genius was most vigorous in those extremities, when feeble minds abandon themselves to despair, adopted the only resource, now left him, of avoiding an engagement, until the British force should be divided.”

Some skirmishes, of no great moment, took place between detached parties of both armies in July and August. September the 9th, Gen. Greene having assembled about 2000 men, proceeded to attack the British, who, under the command of Col. Stewart, were posted at Eutaw Springs. The American force was drawn up in two lines: The first, composed of Carolina militia, was commanded by Generals Marian and Pickens, and Col. De Malmédy. The second, which consisted of continental troops from North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, was commanded by Gen. Sumpter, Lieut. Col. Campbell, and Col. Williams—Lieut. Col. Lee, with his legion, covered the right flank; and Lt. Col. Henderson, with the state troops, covered the left. A corps de reserve was formed of the cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Washington, and the Delaware troops under Capt. Kirkwood. As the Americans came forward to the attack, they fell in with some advanced parties of the enemy, at about two or three miles ahead of the main body. These being closely pursued, were driven back—and the action soon became general—

ESSAYS ON AGRICULTURE.

On the management of the DAIRY, particularly with respect to the Making and Curing of BUTTER.—By J. ANDERSON, L. L. D. F. R. S. &c.

WHEN a dairy is established, the undertaker ought to be fully acquainted with every circumstance respecting the manufacture both of butter and cheese; here it is only proposed to treat of the manufacture of butter. The first thing is to choose cows of a proper sort; among this class of animals it is found by experience, that some kinds give milk of a thicker consistence & richer quality than others. In judging of the value of a cow, it ought rather to be the quantity and the quality of the cream produced from the milk in a given time, than the quantity of milk itself; this is a circumstance of more importance than is generally imagined. The small cows of the Alderney breed afford the richest milk hitherto known; but individual cows in every country, may be found, by a careful selection, that afford much richer milk than others; these therefore ought to be searched for with care, and their breed reared with attention, as being peculiarly valuable. In comparing the milk of two cows, to judge of their respective qualities, particular attention must be paid to the time that has elapsed since their calving. To make the cows give abundance of milk, and of a good quality, they must at all times have plenty of food.—Grass is the best food yet known for this purpose, and that kind which springs up spontaneously on rich and dry soils, is the best of all. If the cows are so much incommoded by the heat as to be prevented from

eating through the day, they ought to be taken into cool shades for protection: where, after allowing them a proper time to ruminate, they should be supplied with abundance of green food, fresh cut for the purpose, and given them by hand frequently, fresh and fresh in small quantities, so as to induce them to eat with pleasure.

Cows, if abundantly fed, should be milked three times a day during the whole of the summer season, in the morning early, at noon, and in the evening just before night-fall. If cows are milked only twice in twenty-four hours, while they have abundance of succulent food, they will yield a much smaller quantity of milk in the same time, than if they be milked three times. Some attentive observers I have met with, think a cow in these circumstances, will give nearly as much milk at each time, if milked three times, as if they were milked only twice. In the choice of persons for milking the cows, great caution should be employed, for if all the milk be not thoroughly drawn from a cow when she is milked, a diminution of the quantity gradually takes place, and in a short time the cow becomes dry. In the management of a dairy, the following peculiarities respecting milk, ought very particularly to be attended to; some of them are, no doubt, known in part to attentive housewives, but they have never been considered of so much importance as they deserve.

APHORISM

APHORISM I.

Of the milk that is drawn from any cow at one time, that which comes off at the first is always thinner, and of much worse quality, than that which comes afterwards, and the richness goes on, continually increasing to the very last drop that can be drawn from the udder at that time.

Few persons are ignorant that milk which is taken from the cow last of all at milking, which in England is called stroakings, here strippings, is richer than the rest of the milk; but fewer still are aware of the greatness of the disproportion between the quality of the first and the last drawn milk from the same cow at one milking—from several accurate and important experiments it appears, that the person who, by bad milking of his cows, loses but half a pint of the last milk that might be obtained, loses in fact, about as much cream as would be afforded by six or eight pints at the beginning, and loses besides, that part of the cream, which alone can give richness and high flavour to his butter.

APHORISM II.

If milk be put in a dish, and allowed to stand till it throws up cream, that portion which rises first to the surface is richer in quality and greater in quantity than what rises in a second equal portion of time, and the cream that rises in the second interval of time is greater in quantity and richer in quality than what rises in a third equal space of time, and so on, the cream decreases in quantity and declines in quality continually, as long as any rises to the surface.

APHORISM III.

Thick milk always throws up a smaller proportion of the cream it actually contains to the surface, than milk that is thinner, but that cream is of a richer quality; and if water be added to that thick milk, it will afford a considerable greater quantity of cream than it would have done if allowed to remain pure; but its quality is at the same time greatly debased.

APHORISM IV.

Milk, which is put into a bucket or other proper vessel, and carried in it to any considerable distance, so as to be much agitated, and in part cooled before it be put into the milk pans to settle for cream, never throws up so much nor so rich cream as if the same milk had been put into the milk pans directly after it was milked.

In this case, it is believed that the loss of cream will be in proportion to the time that has elapsed, and the agitation it has sustained after having been drawn from the cow.

From the above facts the following corrolaries seem to be clearly deducible.

I. It is of importance, that the cows should be always milked as near the dairy as possible, and it must be of great advantage in a dairy farm, to have the principal grass fields as near the dairy as possible.

II. The practice of putting the milk of all the cows of a large dairy into one vessel, as it is milked, there to remain till the whole milking be finished, before any part of it be put into milk pans, seems to be highly injudicious, not only on account of the loss that is sustained by agitation and cooling, but

but also, as it prevents the owner of the dairy from distinguishing the good from the bad cows milk; a better practice therefore, would be, to have the milk drawn from each cow separately, put into the creaming pans as soon as it is milked, without being mixed with any other.—Thus would the careful farmer be able, on all occasions, to observe the particular quality of each individual cow's milk, as well as its quantity, and to know with precision, which of his cows it was his interest to dispose of, and which he ought to keep and breed from.

III. If it be intended to make butter of a very fine quality, it would be adviseable in all cases to keep the milk, that is first drawn, separate from that which comes last, as it is obvious, that if this be not done, the quality of the butter will be greatly debased, without much augmenting its quantity. It is also obvious that the quality of the butter will be improved in proportion to the smallness of the proportion of the last drawn milk that is retained, so that those who wish to be singularly nice in this respect, will only retain a very small proportion of the last drawn milk.

IV. If the quality of the butter be the chief object attended to, it will be necessary not only to separate the first from the last drawn milk, but also to take nothing but the cream that is first separated from the best milk, as it is this first rising cream alone that is of the prime quality; the remainder of the milk, which will be still sweet, may be either employed for the purpose of making sweet milk cheeses, or it may be allowed to stand to throw up cream for making butter of an inferior quality.

V. From the above facts, we learn that butter of the *very best possible* quality can only be obtained from a dairy of considerable extent when judiciously managed.

VI. From these premises, we are led to draw a conclusion different from the opinion that is commonly entertained on this subject, viz —That it seems probable that the very best butter can only be with economy made in those dairies where the manufacture of cheese is the principal object.

As but few persons would be willing to purchase the *very best* butter at a price to indemnify the farmer for his trouble, I am satisfied from experience and attentive observation, that if in general about the first drawn *half* of the milk be separated at each milking, and the remainder only be set up for producing cream, and if that milk be allowed to stand to throw up the whole of its cream, even till it begins sensibly to taste sourish, and if that cream be afterwards carefully managed, the butter thus obtained will be of a quality greatly superior to what can usually be obtained at market, and its quantity not considerably less than if the whole of the milk had been treated alike.

No dairy can be managed with profit, unless a place properly adapted for keeping the milk, and for carrying on the different operations of the dairy, be first provided*.—The necessary requisites of a good milk house are, that it be cool in summer, and warm in winter, so as to preserve a temperature nearly the same throughout the

* The author here gives a very particular description of the best contrived milk house or dairy.

whole year, and that it be dry, so as to admit of being kept clean and sweet at all times.

From the trials I have made, I have reason to believe that when the heat is from fifty to fifty-five degrees on Farenheit's thermometer, the separation of the cream from the milk, which is the most important operation of the dairy, goes forward with the greatest regularity. When the heat exceeds sixty degrees, the operations become difficult and dangerous, and when it falls below the fortieth degree they can scarcely be carried forward with any degree of œconomy, or propriety.

In winter, should the cold become too great, it might be occasionally dispelled, by placing a barrel full of hot water, closely bunged up, upon the table, to remain till cooled. This I prefer to any kind of chaffing dish with burning embers.

The utensils of the dairy, must in general be made of wood. As the acid of milk readily dissolves lead, with which the common earthen vessels are glazed, such vessels should be banished from the dairy.

The creaming dishes (for so I call the vessels in which the milk is placed for throwing up the cream) when properly cleaned, sweet and cool, are to be filled with the milk as soon after it is drawn from the cow as possible, having been first strained carefully through a close strainer.

These dishes should never exceed three inches in depth, whatever be their other dimensions. As soon as they are filled, they are to be placed on the shelves in the milk house, perfectly undisturbed, till it be judged expedient to separate the cream from them.

In a moderately warm temperature of air, if very fine butter be intended, it should not be allowed to stand more than six or eight hours; for ordinary good butter, it may safely stand ten or twelve, or more.

It is of great importance to the success of the dairy, that the skimming be well performed, for if any part of the cream be left, the quantity of the butter will be diminished; and if any part of the milk be taken, the quality will be debased*.

When the cream is obtained, it ought immediately to be put into a vessel by itself, there to be kept till a proper quantity be collected for being made into butter. And no vessel can be better adapted to that purpose than a firm neat made wooden barrel, in size proportioned to the dairy, open at one end, with a lid exactly fitted to close it. In the under part of this vessel, close to the bottom, should be placed a cock and spigot, for drawing off any thin serous part of the milk that may chance to be there generated; for if this is allowed to remain, it injures the cream, and greatly diminishes the richness of the quality of the butter; the inside of the opening should be covered with a bit of gauze netting, to keep back the cream while the serum is allowed to pass, and the barrel should be inclined a little forward, to allow the whole to run off.

The separation of butter from cream, only takes place after the

** The cream should be separated from the edges of the dish, by means of an ivory bladed knife, then carefully drawn towards one side by a skimming dish, and then taken off with great nicety.*

cream

cream has attained a certain degree of acidity. The judicious farmer will therefore allow his cream to remain in the vessel, until it has acquired that proper degree of acidity that fits it for being made into butter with great ease, a very moderate degree of agitation, and by which process only, very fine butter ever can be obtained. How long cream may be thus kept in our climate, without rendering the butter made from it of a bad quality, I cannot say; but it may be kept good for a much longer time than is generally suspected, even a great many weeks. —It is certain that cream which has been kept three or four days in summer, is in an excellent condition for being made into butter; from three days to seven, may in general be found to be the best time for keeping cream before churning.

I prefer the old fashioned upright churn, having a long handle, with a foot to it perforated with holes, as it admits of being better cleaned, and having the butter more easily separated from the milk than any others.

Where the cream has been duly prepared, the process of butter making is very easy; there is however more nicety required than most persons seem to be aware of; a few *hasty, irregular strokes*, may render the butter of scarcely any value, which, but for this circumstance, would have been of the finest quality. The butter when made, must be immediately separated from the milk, and being put into a clean dish, the inside of which, if of wood, should be well rubbed with common salt. The butter should be pressed and worked with a flat wooden ladle, having a short handle, so as to force

out *all* the milk that was lodged in the cavities of the mass. The beating up of the butter by the hand is an indelicate and barbarous practice. If the milk be not entirely taken away, the butter will infallibly spoil in a short time, and if it be much washed, it will become tough and gluey. Some persons employ cold water in this operation; but this practice is not only useless, but also pernicious, because the quality of the butter is thus debased in an astonishing manner. In every part of the foregoing process, it is of the utmost importance, that the vessels, and every thing else about the dairy, be kept perfectly sweet and clean.

Wooden vessels are the most proper for containing salted butter. Oak is the best wood for the bottom and staves. Broad split hoops are to be preferred to all others.

Iron hoops should be rejected, as the rust of them will in time sink through the wood, and injure the colour of the butter. To season a new vessel for the reception of salted butter, requires great care: It should be filled frequently with scalding water, allowing it to remain till it slowly cools.

After the butter has been cleaned from the milk, as before directed, it is ready for being salted. — Let the vessel be rendered as clean and as sweet as possible, and be rubbed all over in the inside with common salt; and let a little melted butter be run into the cavity between the bottom and the sides, at their joining, so as to fill it, and make it every where flush with the bottom and sides: It is then fit to receive the butter. Common salt is almost the only substance hitherto employed for preserving butter. I have found by experience, that the

the following composition is in many respects preferable to it, as it not only preserves the butter more effectually from any taint of rancidity, but makes it look better and taste sweeter, and more marrowy, than if the same butter had been cured with common salt alone. The composition is as follows :

Take of sugar one part, of nitre (salt petre) one part, and of the best Spanish great salt two parts; beat the whole into a fine powder, mix them well together, and put them by for use.

Of this composition, one ounce should be put to every sixteen ounces of butter : Mix this salt thoroughly with the butter ; as soon as it has been freed from the milk, and put it, without loss of time, into the vessel prepared to receive it, pressing it so close as to have no air holes, or any kind of cavities within it ; smooth the surface, and if you expect it will be more than two days before you add more, cover it close up with a piece of clean linen, and over that a piece of fine linen that has been dipped in melted butter, that is exactly fitted to the edges of the vessel all round, so as to exclude the air as much as possible, without the assistance of any watery brine.— When more butter is to be added, remove the coverings, and let the butter be applied close above the former, pressing it down, and smoothing it as before, and so on till the vessel is full. When full, let the two covers be spread over it with the greatest care, and let a little melted butter be poured all round the edges, so as to fill up every cranny, and effectually exclude the air. A little salt may then be strewed over the whole, and the cover firmly fixed down, to remain

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closely shut till opened for use.— If this be carefully done, the butter may be kept perfectly sound in this climate for many years*.

It must be remarked, that butter cured in this manner, does not taste well till it has stood at least a fortnight after being salted. After that period is elapsed, it eats with a rich marrowy taste that no other butter ever acquires. Butter thus cured, will go well to the East or West Indies.

Butter, in its natural state, contains a considerable proportion of mucous matter, which is more highly putrescible than the pure oily parts of the butter. When it is intended to be exposed to the heat of warm climates, it ought to be freed from that mucilage before it be cured and packed up. To do this, let it be put into a vessel of proper shape, which should be immersed in another containing water. Let the water be gradually heated till the butter be thoroughly melted : Let it continue in that state for some time, and allow it to settle : The mucous part will fall to the bottom, and the pure oil swim at top. When it cools, it becomes opaque and paler than the original butter, and of a firmer consistence. When this refined butter is become a little stiff, and while it is still somewhat soft, the pure

* *The Epping butter is called the best in England. The farmers make use of a very innocent colouring matter for their winter and early spring butter, which is the juice of carrots.— They take clean and fresh carrots, and grate them fine, and squeeze out the juice through a coarse cloth, and mix it with their cream. This gives their butter as fine an appearance as the best June butter, without communicating any taste or flavour.*

S

part

part should be separated from the dregs, and then salted and packed up in the same way as is before directed.



POLITICAL PAPERS.

The affairs of France still seem to engage the attention of Europe, and of the United States of America. The following account of the reception of the deputies and officers whom Dumourier delivered to the Austrians, we think will be entertaining to our readers.

PARIS—COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED.

Sitting of the 12th January.

THE president announced, that the victims of the Austrian tyranny were in a few minutes to appear at the bar, and that the deputy Drouet, was to take his seat in the council. He invited the members, as well as the citizens in the galleries, to conform strictly to the law, which prohibits all signs of approbation, as well as of disapprobation.

A few moments after, Maret, Semonville, Bournonville, and several aides-de-camp and secretaries, were introduced. The president addressed them in a short speech, and invited them to the honours of the sitting. Maret, Semonville, and Bournonville received from the president the fraternal kisses.

On the report of a special committee, the council resolved, that the Executive Directory should cause the anniversary of the death of the last Capet to be celebrated in all the communes, as well as the armies of the republic; and that on the same day all the representatives should pronounce an oath, vowing eternal hatred against royalty, and inviolable attachment to the republic.

23d Nivose—Jan. 13.

Drouet received permission to speak. He began with declaring, that he remained free even in fetters, and that he never forgot of what people he was a representative. "On the 17th of Sept. 1793, (continued he) I was sent to the army of the North. On the 29th the army of Maubeuge was surprised and repulsed on every side.—The Austrians blockaded the town, in which there were but fifteen days provisions. Prancheville represented to us, that we should not be able to hold out long, and that it was necessary that a trusty man, able to show an imposing countenance, should leave the town, pass through the Austrians, and communicate to the Convention, and to the minister, an account of our critical situation.

"I felt that it would be infinitely useful to the republic that I should charge myself with this enterprise. If I perished, my death would animate the soldiers with vengeance, which would double their force; if I succeeded, I should rouse the surrounding departments. I should hasten to collect the provisions, the forage, and assemble the men in particular;

particular; I would fall upon the enemy, after having made signals which could be heard from the town—I could save Maubeuge and the republic. A few hours before my departure, I took care that the rumour of it should be circulated among some battalions. “What! (said the soldiers) should we not be determined to fight to the last extremity, whilst a representative of the people undertakes to pass over to the Austrian army in order to procure succours!”—This finally determined me.

“I took 100 chosen dragoons, and on the 2d of October, at midnight, I penetrated into the middle of the Austrians; we had agreed to march slowly and very close, for fear that, in the dark, we should throw ourselves into some of the works of the enemy. Unfortunately, however, we could not avoid passing near a camp of infantry. The whistling of the balls and the explosion of powder set our horses a-galloping. What I had foreseen happened. We fell into a ditch. Several of our dragoons and myself were dismounted; I got up and laid hold of the first horse which presented itself; a dragoon had lost his, and intreated me not to abandon him in the midst of the enemy—I allowed him to get up behind me, but the horse being young and ardent, was much agitated—five minutes passed away, and my escort had already got so far before me, that in the dark I could not discover the road they had taken.

“The soldier and myself found ourselves in the midst of the enemy; a few steps farther we met with a patrol of the enemy, consisting of five hussars. The dragoon talked of surrendering; I charged them, by hollowing out—

“Follow me, dragoons!” They retreated, but soon returned in a greater number. It was necessary to avoid them. I pushed my horse forward, but soon after fell into a deep ravine, where I lost my senses. The hussars found me, wounded me with their sabres, and then carried me off almost dead. When I recovered, I said, I was a French officer. They dressed my wounds with tolerable care. I afterwards declared I was a representative of the people; and when they knew that I was Drouet who had stooped Louis XVI. at Varennes, they treated me very badly. I asked for bread, after fasting forty-eight hours; a young officer said to me, “March, rascal; it is not worth while to give you any for so little time:” I was thrown naked upon a cart. The emigrants, above all, loaded me with insults.—Prince Colloredo, before whom I was brought, said to me, that the French were a faithless people; that they had just sent to La Vendee the garrison of Mentz, who had promised not to serve against the emperor during this war. Colloredo made me this reproach, as if we ought to have understood in the capitulation, that the Vendean and Austrians were equally armies of the emperor.

“Soon after I was conducted to Gen. Latour, I was loaded with irons and wounds: in a state which, at least, proved me courageous, and ought to have inspired a warrior with some regard. The latter struck me, with his fist, in the stomach, which brought me to the ground; and he spit in my face. “I am without defence,” said I to him, “and you insult me. Dare to put off from me these chains, however wounded I am
in

in every part of my body, you will not dare to look into my face." He then became very furious; and his guards carried me off. Do not believe, however, that I met the same atrocity every where. Many Germans have shed tears over my fetters; and of how many generous actions could I not render you accounts. I could procure immortality to some individuals of that nation which is called our enemy.

"I was dragged along. They threw me upon straw, almost naked, with handcuffs and fetters, in a dungeon of the fortress of ——. I remained there until the triumphing republic had made the imperialists feel the strength of their bayonets: then they began to have some regard for me.— They took me out of my grave, and put me into an habitable room. But it would be wrong to remain in laziness, whilst our brave defenders were fighting day and night. I then dreamt of nothing but the means of making my escape.

"My new prison, to which they transferred me from Luxembourg, was the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. It is situated upon the river Schwartz, which evacuates itself into the Danube. From my window I perceived a small boat, which I wished to get in my power. If I had abandoned myself to the current, I could have run down the Danube, and from that river into the Black Sea, from whence I hoped that it would not be difficult to arrive at Constantinople. But in order to get to the boat, it was necessary to break the iron bars at my windows; to throw myself upon a terrace, from whence, in order to arrive on the plain, it was neces-

sary to precipitate myself into an abyss; for, from the terrace of that fortress, situated upon the point of the rock, there were two hundred feet depth. I began to tear a lath, which supported my curtains, and afterwards two strong iron spikes, of a foot and a half in length, which had been but lately placed in order to secure my iron bars. I assure you, that with these instruments, if they had but let me work at pleasure, I should in a very little time have demolished the whole fortress. I succeeded soon to undo, and conceal my window bars, which I replaced in a manner that my labours could not be perceived.—At last I was perfectly assured of the means how to escape from my room; but was not so sure how I was to get out of the fortress, or arrive at the bottom of this precipice of two hundred feet depth, where, besides sentries were placed at two hundred paces from each other, I had no means to procure me ropes. I determined to undertake making a parachute, in the form of an umbrella, to prevent my falling with violence from such a height; imagining that the soldiers, when seeing such a mass tumbling from heaven, would run away frightened: when I should launch into my boat.

"I immediately went to work. I tore cotton night caps and stockings, of which I made thread; a small fish bone served as a needle: with pieces of cloth sown together, and supported by pieces of wood broken from my prison, I succeeded to make a sort of an umbrella. The roof of my chamber was very high; the chapter of one of the pillars was eight feet high.—Several times I threw myself from thence, with my machine

chine, without feeling the least shock. I thought, that abroad the column of air must be much stronger, and support me better, without calculating the effect which must be produced from the weight of my body, proportionably multiplied by the acceleration of my fall.

"Every thing was at last ready; the time was not far from the 21st of June, 1794, the anniversary of a famous period in the annals of the Republic, and in the history of my life*. I pointed out this day for my delivery; but thinking on the means how to exist in my boat, I made a parcel of my clothes, and put some pieces of bread into it, the whole weighing nearly thirty pounds.

"An indisposition prevented my expedition on the 21st of June. It was on the night of the 6th of July, when I undertook to execute my experiment. I hastily collected all my effects; I constructed my machine, and tore off the grate from the window. I threw myself into the terrace, and disposed to precipitate myself down the fortrefs. Twice had I attempted to launch myself into the air, and twice an invisible power seemed to retain me; and nature, on the approach of my destruction, was repugnant to follow the movement of my heart. At last I walked a few steps backwards, afterwards advancing with activity, the eyes closed; I precipitated myself in that profound abyss.

"The rapidity of my fall was such, that I cried out, I am dead!

* The 21st of June, 1791, was the day when Drouet stopped the unfortunate Louis XVI. at Varennes.

But I was mistaken. I only felt one of my feet immoveable. A wall was there before me. I attempted to rise, in order to climb over it; but my foot, which was broken, refused me this service, and violent pains began to prevail. The pains were so excruciating, that I cried as loud as possible.

"I found I had not been wrong in my former conjectures. The enormous mass which, in the dark, my umbrella had presented to the uncertain looks of the sentries, frightened them to such a degree, that they could not determine to abandon the watch house, whither they had taken flight; and not one of their comrades on duty had the courage to appear abroad. I was not discovered before sunrise. They brought me back to my chamber, where they threw me upon the floor. They left me for eight hours, persuaded that I must die: when they saw that, with all this, I did not die, they brought a surgeon, who dressed my foot. I remained three months in bed, and used crutches about a twelve month.

"I must tell you, that at the moment when I attempted this enterprise, the bad success of which had made me suffer so cruelly, I left for Francis II. a declaration, of which the following is nearly the substance:

"Since in your eyes I am less than a man, since you treat me with an unheard of cruelty, since you equally violate the laws of war, and the rights of men, I try to regain a benefit, which, even in fetters, I had not entirely lost: I mean liberty. If my plan succeeds — If I escape, I shall ask nobody for revenge against your cruel generals; I shall join them in the field

field of battle, in order to have full satisfaction for the insults they have offered me.

"With all my heart, I pardon all those who, in their extravagances, gave me no credit for my republican virtue; all those who, led astray by the suggestion of your agents, have persecuted and ill treated in me but an individual, whose respectable mission they did not even know. But your generals, your princes, you all who know the august character with which I was invested, and who have heaped outrages upon me, you I shall never forgive. Was I to perish this moment, before I expire, I should cry—"vengeance for the insult done to the representatives of the French people." I should demand this vengeance from my friends, my parents, from my God, and from my country—[A great movement was perceived in the assembly, but a signal from the president prevented the applause from breaking out.]

"I beg that no person should be rendered uneasy for my sake. The resources of my genius—my natural abilities, were sufficient to me to force my prison—perhaps I shall be dashed to pieces by the rocks—but I leave my memory to all the friends of honour and of liberty.

"It was in the month of May, 1795, that I first received news from my wife and children, and of the prosperity of the republic; I was still suffering; at that time I was a valetudinarian; but what a consoling and strengthening balm was that. I recovered my health, and soon after I joined my colleagues, and my fate being become theirs, you will know, by their report, the rest which concerns me.

"I shall not leave the rostrum without repeating to you, that the unworthy conduct which I have experienced, ought not to be attributed to the German nation. I repeat to you, that Germany contains a great number of friends to humanity, and to the republic."

It is impossible to describe (says Louvet, in his journal, called *La Sentinelle*) the effect which this report produced on the auditors. The Council resolved that it should be printed, translated into all languages, sent to the armies, the departments and to all the communes of the republic.

Drouet received the embrace from the president—After which the sitting broke up.

Letter from Gen. Suwarrow to Charette.

Warsaw, Dec. 1.

COPIES are handed about of a letter to Gen. Charette, from Field Marshal Count de Suwarrow. The chivalrous frankness, and the originality which pervades this letter, will make it be read with interest and pleasure.

The reader has only to recollect, that the pious Suwarrow, who ascribes all his successes to his confidence in the God of battles, commanded the Russian troops at the capture of Ismael and Warsaw, at the former of which 30,000 human creatures were put to the sword after the victory, and at the latter 12,000.

"Hero of La Vendee! Illustrious defender of the faith of your fathers, and the throne of your kings—Health—May the God of armies ever watch over you. May he guide your arm through the midst of the battalions of your numerous enemies, who, marked by the

the finger of that avenging God, will fall dispersed like leaves before a blast of the north wind.

"And you, immortal Vendéans, faithful preservers of the honour of the French, worthy companions in arms of a hero, conducted by him, raise again the temple of the Lord, and the throne of your kings. May the wicked perish; may his vestige be effaced; then may beneficent peace revive, and may the ancient stem of the lily rear its head among you, more brilliant and majestic.

Brave Charette, honour of French chevaliers, the universe is filled with your name; astonished Europe contemplates you; and I admire and felicitate you. God hath chosen you, as he formerly chose David, to punish the Philistines: adore his decrees—fly! attack! strike! and victory will follow your steps.

"Such are the wishes of a soldier, who, grown grey in the camp of honour, has always seen victory crown the confidence he placed in the God of battles. Glory to him! for he is the source of all glory; honour to you, for he has chosen you.

SUWARROW."



Law Intelligence.

London, Oct. 20.

IN the course of the late Stafford assizes, a cause was tried, in which the *general* right of a master to give corporal punishment to his servant, was fully explained by the lord chief justice.

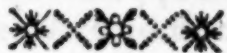
The plaintiff was father of an infant, about thirteen years old, whom he had engaged in the service of the defendant, on condi-

tion, that the defendant should find him in cloaths and victuals, but not as an apprentice. The boy was proved to be obstinate, and in the habit of running away from his master's service whenever he was rebuked or punished for his misbehaviour. It was also proved, that, upon the occasion, in consequence of which the action was brought, the master sent other of his servants to bring the boy home by force; and the defendant admitted, that he then punished him with a stick somewhat severely. On the *degree* of severity, the evidence on one side (as is often the case in this sort of action) was in a direct contradiction to that on the other.

The learned judge, in summing up, said, that the degree of severity was the point at issue; for, concerning the *general* right of correction, there was no doubt. Then, addressing himself to the jury, he desired them to bear in mind, that, in determining on this matter, they would decide, not merely between the plaintiff and defendant, but between every master and servant in the land. That it was clearly the right of a parent to punish his child. That, on this point, they had higher information than his—"He that spareth his rod (says Solomon) hateth his child." That every master of a family is, in some sort, the father of it; and, therefore, how much soever he is bound to be compassionate and humane to those who serve him, yet (said his lordship) I must add, and require your attention to it, that if ye have a servant who is habitually obstinate, and will not be persuaded (as appears to have been the case of this boy) ye not only have a right to correct him, but it is your bounden duty to do so, and severely too.

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The verdict was for the defendant.



The Enchanted Mountain.

Copy of a letter from *Silas Dinsmore*, agent to the Cherokee nation, to his excellency Gov. *Blount*.

S I R,
ON my return from South Carolina, I paid a visit to the enchanted mountain*, about two miles from Brasstown, to examine the much famed curiosities on the rocks, and was pleased to find that report so happily coincided with reality†.

There are on several rocks, a number of impressions resembling the tracks of turkeys, bears, horses, and human beings, as visible and perfect as they could be made on snow or sand. The latter were remarkable for having uniformly six toes on each, one only excepted, which appeared to be the track of a negro's foot§. By this, we must suppose the originals to have been the progeny of Titan or Anak. One of the tracks was very large, the length of the foot sixteen inches, the distance of the extremes of the outer toes, thirteen inches, the proximate breadth behind the toes, the diameter of the heel ball, five. One of the horse tracks was likewise of an uncommon size; the traverse and conju-

* *The Indians so consider it.*

† *This rock is situated upon the head waters of the High Wasee, a southern branch of the Tennessee, about 100 miles from Knoxville, nearly a south course.*

§ *Judging from the form.*

gate diameters were eight by ten inches; perhaps the horse which the great warrior rode. There were many other fanciful figures, the measure of which, if they had any, I could not decypher.

If you expect that I shall give a satisfactory account of the original occasions of those figures, I doubt you will be disappointed. What appears to me to be most in favour of their being the real tracks of the animals they represent, is the circumstance of a horse's foot having apparently slipped several inches, and the figures having apparently the same direction, like the trail of a company on a journey.— If it be a *lusus naturæ*, I believe the old dame never sported more seriously; if the operation of chance, perhaps there was never more apparent design; if it were done by art, it might be to perpetuate the remembrance of some remarkable event of war, or engagement fought on that ground. The vast heaps of stones near the place, which I understood are tombs of warriors slain in battle, seem to favour the supposition. The texture of the rock is soft; the part on which the sun had the greatest influence, and which was the most indurated, could easily be cut with a knife, and appeared to be of the nature of the pipe, or soap stone. Some of the Cherokees entertain an opinion, that it always rains when any person visits the place, as if sympathetic nature wept at the recollection of the dreadful catastrophe which those figures were intended to commemorate. An old Indian, at whose cabin we called to enquire the way, assured us it would certainly rain. The truth is, it was then raining, and continued so through the day and following

following night; consequently, I was unable to confute the notion, however absurd, by facts.

I had likewise the curiosity, on my journey, to take a view of the situation of the springs which are said to be sources of some branches of the Tugelo, Apalachicola, and High Wasseer rivers, which are very near neighbours in the mountains. I rode my horse at a moderate walk, dismounted, and drank of the three waters in ten minutes. Their situation is in the form of a triangle, the sides perhaps from 150 to 200 yards.

I am, very respectfully,

Your excellency's
most humble servant,
SILAS DINSMORE.

His Excellency Gov. Blount.



*Nahamir; or, Providence justified—
A Mahometan Tale.*

A LITTLE man, who was blind of one eye, lame, maimed, and who had a hunch upon his back, was accustomed to ask alms at the gates of Bagdad: conscious of his situation, he could not help murmuring against Providence, whom he accused as the author of his misfortunes. Whenever a person of a good shape and sound limbs, or who had added to this the luxury of a carriage at his command, happened to pass by, our beggar of Bagdad never failed, in the spleen of his soul, to exclaim with great acrimony, 'wherefore hath that fellow an air noble and majestic? Why hath the eternal wisdom bestowed upon him a straight body, and a superior size, while he hath doubled me together with an enormous hunch that exposes me to laughter and scorn?' If at any

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time he beheld a beautiful woman pass along, while through her transparent veil she discovered two eyes more brilliant than the eyes of the Houries, he never ceased to cry, 'behold there is another object which excites my envy; that woman hath two eyes perfectly bright, and I, poor wretch that I am, have only one eye, and that one so dim and damaged, that it is well nigh useless! Mercy upon us! (thus would he continue his complaint) with what haughtiness doth yonder satrap raise up the dust under his feet; he, forsooth, hath the use of both legs to walk onward in the paths of insolent luxury, even till he is satiated, while I, miserable mortal! who want to move constantly to every different part of the city, to solicit the lingering hand of charity, am altogether lame, consequently drag on my indigence from place to place with difficulty. But see! there is a fourth insult upon me; observe that wealthy rogue, who was born for the misery of the inhabitants of Bagdad; see what a length of nail and finger he hath; how doth he employ them, in extorting his villainous taxes out of the bowels of the poor! Providence hath given two hands and ten fingers to him, purposely to do mischief, while the unfortunate Nahamir is allowed to have but one hand, which he is obliged to stretch forth continually, and often unusefully, to a concourse of people, very frequently of wicked unfeeling wretches, who proudly swim in the ocean of riches and abundance. While these things are permitted, how can I join the chorus of those who say that all was made for the best. How can I say this, when the best of poor Nahamir is to sink into the obliuating tomb, after

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trailing

trailing along a most disastrous existence ?

While our beggar was one day indulging these complaints, an old man, of a venerable mien, and interesting figure, appeared at the gate. He stopped a moment to listen to the murmurer, and then spoke these words : ' Follow me, friend, said he to the mendicant ; you will not repent obeying me.— If I am not able wholly to make you happy, I shall at least have it in my power to offer some sort of consolation : there is besides a sort of sympathetic satisfaction in recounting the story of one's misfortunes : follow me, therefore.'

Nahamir embraced this opportunity, and hobbled on till he reached a shady plaitain, where, after sitting down under its umbrage, by the side of his companion, he thus recited the history of his misfortunes :

' My name is Nahamir : I am the only and sorrowful reliet of twenty five children of that wealthy Abouffin, the merchant of Bagdad ; that merchant whose opulence even passed into a proverb ; and, for my own part, I now earn my bread at the gates of that very city, where my forefathers, in the times of famine, offered abundance to the indigent. I promised in the flower of my infancy to have a shape superb, and an exterior elegant ; my shoulders were finely placed, I walked majestically, my legs were well turned, my two eyes were bright and piercing, my two hands were vigorous, yet delicate ; added to all these advantages, my opulence appeared to me a spring that, for ever, flowing in a stream of gold, could never be exhausted. Thus accoutered, I entered into the world.'

' Friend, said the old man, in-

terrupting him, I expect that you will deal with me sincerely ; tell me then, if in these days of your fullness and beauty, you did not feel a secret pride, whenever you made a comparison betwixt your own person and that of others, in your opinion less happy ? Did you not, after such comparisons, say to yourself, I am straight, I have two fine eyes ?' ' I have, it is true, venerable old man, replied Nahamir, interrupting in his turn ; I will not dissemble with you ; I will not conceal from you that I cherished on such occasions an internal pride, which every day gained more and more upon me ; but, alas ! this pride was not of long duration. I married a woman young and handsome, who brought me a considerable fortune ; I had by her six children, who were all taken from me by an untimely death.— Ah ! if any of them, if only one had remained, I should have been recompensed for my poverty, I should have been a father ; the sweet thought would have dried up my tears ; I should have had one to unbosom myself to ; my sighs, my sorrows, would all have been divided ; I should have had a child ; that would have been a consolation, a pleasure, but it was denied me. Soon after my poor children were in the grave, the wife whom I adored, followed them. From that moment, the whole weight of the misery fell upon my own heart : a lingering distemper overtook me, at the end of which, this hideous bunch of superfluous flesh, which now spreads itself from shoulder to shoulder, rendered me a ridicule to every spectator. In a few days after I arose from my sick bed, a fresh accident deprived me of one of my eyes ; after this, as I was, during

during my confinement from the anguish of one eye, looking with the other out of my window, I beheld two men set barbarously upon a little boy in the street; I ran hastily to his assistance, and falling upon the stairs, had the ill luck to break my leg; scarce was I cured of this misfortune, before I met another; for as I was taking the air, I beheld a poor wretch sitting in the sun, and eating his crust; I offered him my mite of assistance, and was just stretching out my hand for that purpose, when the ungrateful man drew from under his robe a sabre, and cut off my arm. I had by this time, as I imagined, exhausted the vengeance of heaven; I had experienced, moreover, several bankruptcies, and I had lost near half my limbs. Upon this, I retired, still resigned, to a little retreat which I had in the country, where I hoped for obscurity and a quiet asylum for the rest of my days.—Here I amused myself in cultivating my half acre of ground, in breathing amidst flowers, and in meditating upon those decrees of heaven, which, however just, are enveloped in the impenetrable night of mystery. Here another stroke of ingratitude involved me in the extremest poverty. I was oppressed then at once with age, infirmity, and indigence. I returned to Bagdad, where I have ever since earned a penurious morsel, by begging at the gates of the city. My sense of these accumulated injuries are such, as makes it impossible for me to pardon the Providence which hath precipitated me into an unparalleled abyss of horrors?

Here Nahamir put an end to his narrative, and after the old man stood for some time looking at

him, he took the beggar's hand, and thus addressed him:

'These then, my friend, are the whole of the evils of which you complain?' 'The whole!' replied Nahamir, 'what in the name of Mahomet would you desire more? You seem to me to be a strange man; I am old, hunchbacked, blind, lame, crippled, half starved, and yet you do not seem to think I am sufficiently afflicted; but perhaps in the drollery of your heart you will tell me, that I ought to praise the benevolence of heaven for thus tormenting me.' 'Certainly,' answered the old man, 'you ought to be very thankful to the author of all things.' 'Have you an intention to insult my misery?' said the other. 'Your features seem to bespeak a sensibility of soul.' 'The sensibility of my soul,' rejoined the sage, 'consists in proving to you the happiness of your situation.' 'The happiness of my situation,' cried our astonished beggar, 'with inconceivable indignation, forgetting that he had but one leg, and cutting a caper that brought him to the ground, said you the happiness?' 'Yes, the happiness—insensible mortal that thou art, hear, listen to the truth, and render the tribute of justice to that eternal wisdom, which in the rashness of thy pride and blindness, thou hast had the temerity to accuse.'

Nahamir regarded the old man attentively; when, looking into his face, he discovered features which appeared preternatural.—The old man proceeded. 'In the first place, thou child of discontent, was it not in the power of the Supreme to immure thee, with the rest of thy brothers, in the silent tomb? but thou wert preserved from the destruction which overwhelmed

overwhelmed the rest of thy family. Here is one instance of celestial favour, of which you seem forgetful.' 'And do you think then, replied the beggar, that mere existence is such a mighty obligation?' 'How! rejoined the old man, and do you make no account of being permitted to breathe above ground? Hear me then, ingrate: You had in the days of your infancy an elegant shape; tremble at the misfortunes which might have attended the continuance of that elegance. The wife of another man might have seen you; well made men are always to the taste of women: some lascivious wanton might have been fond of thee; she might have opened her snowy arms, into which you might have fallen. You might have been discovered; you know that in such case the laws of this country have ordained the punishment of impaling. To prevent this, the goodness of Providence ordained a deformity in your shape; behold then a hunched back fairly justified.' 'God be praised, cried the beggar; but my left eye, will you be so ingenious as to prove to me, that I ought to congratulate myself upon the loss of that?' 'I will, said the old man. The moment before thou lost thine eye, the calif meditated a design to make thee one of the guards of his haram; to fit thee for which glorious employment, castration would have been necessary in the very first instance. Give me, therefore, your opinion, whether the state of a man with one eye, or that of an eunuch with both eyes, is the more desirable? When the calif was informed of your accident, he deemed you too ugly for a minion of love.' 'God be praised for the loss of my left eye, ex-

claimed the trembling beggar; but with respect to my leg, make me happy in that affair, if you please.' 'There you have fresh reason to bless the supreme hand, said the old man. Call to your memory that day, when, standing upon a precipice, instead of crushing every bone, member, and muscle in your body, which might have been expected, you only broke your left leg.' 'Certainly, said the beggar, I have some faint idea of the danger.' 'Thou hast some faint idea? replied the old man: Oh! ungrateful man! It is not without difficulty you remember those providences which daily operate in your favour, although you never cease to rend the air, and insult the heavens upon the least misery that you sustain; every accident sets you on the full cry against providence.' 'Well, well, cried the beggar, I agree to every thing you would have me; you talk as sensibly as the prophet Ali; but how will you excuse the loss of my right arm, especially when you consider that I lost it in offering succour to the indigent?' 'Do you recollect, answered the old man, a certain day at the feast of Hussein, where as you was sitting at table you received an insult?' 'Yes, yes, answered Nahamir, I remember it with anguish, because I still live unrevenged.' 'That is the very matter, said the old man; if thou hadst had the use of that arm which is now missing, thou wouldst have drawn thy sabre, the consequence of which is, that thou wouldst have been pierced with an hundred wounds; but see the kindness of heaven, which, in taking away thy arm, hath preserved all the rest of thy body.' 'You are a very extraordinary man, answered the mendicant; presently

I expect you will go about proving that I am neither more or less than a distinguished favourite of providence. But to proceed: I give you up my shape, my eye, my leg, and my arm, but surely you have no argument to prove that it was necessary to deprive me of that balmy comfort, my wife!' 'Had she existed in this world a week longer, cried the old man, she would have betrayed thy honour; and as thou wouldst soon have discovered the deed, it would have plunged thee into the most bitter despair.' 'But my poor little ones, answered the beggar of Bagdad, what reason yet hid in the skies hastorn them from my embraces?' 'They would have been disobedient, rejoined the veteran.' 'And my poverty—how will you get over that part of the story?' said the beggar.' 'Had opulence still been given to a very bad purpose, answered the old personage, you would have made a detestable use of your riches, they would have hardened your heart; they would have delivered you over to all manner of crimes and excesses; in a word, they would have rendered thee an horror to thyself, and a disgrace to human nature.' 'Well, replied Nahamir, with much emphasis, all the powers be praised, for they have left me nothing.' 'It is false rejoined the aged man firmly, they have left thee the most valuable of things—thy virtue. Thou hast nothing to reproach thyself with; thou art not criminal, thou art only unfortunate; when thou examinest thine own heart, there is no reason to blush; something within will ever console thee. Console, did I say? It is that sacred something which will elevate thee above all the perched up and parading mor-

tals whom thou hast the weakness to envy. But thou art too feeble to see these things in their proper lights. I must assist thee.'

Hereupon the old man put his hand upon the eyes of Nahamir; after this he saw kings, the lawful sovereigns, tossed from their thrones, and prostrated at the feet of their infamous usurpers. He saw the rich covered with shame and confusion, weary of their existence, or assassinated for those hoards which were useless. He saw women, without modesty, who, not contented with staining the conjugal bed, cut the throats of their husbands, or poisoned them, without pity or remorse. He saw children, who, deaf to the calls of nature, plunged their poinard into a parent's bosom. He saw cities desolated, and empires abandoned to the genius of destruction; in a word, he beheld the universe as one prodigious theatre, filled with criminals, assassins, and unfortunates. 'Well, exclaimed the old man, what think you now? Will you still murmur?'

Scarce had he ended this question before his wrinkles disappeared; the majestic smiles of a divinity in the bloom of immortal youth sat on his brow; his shape raised itself like the superb cedar; his eyes were keener and clearer than the lightning; in short, he was an archangel in the meridian of his splendor. The astonished Nahamir prostrated himself in the dust. The archangel said to him, 'suffer patiently: after death thou shalt commence a new career, where every happiness shall be complete and uninterrupted: thou shalt have a wife who shall not only be a prodigy of beauty, but shall love thee alone; thou shalt have children perfectly dutiful, and

and worthy of their fire: thy wealth shall be immense, and yet not wound thy heart, and thou shalt leave an immortal character.' Nahamir was about to reply, but the angel was gone.—Nahamir, after having murmured, for the last time, at his abrupt departure, returned again to the gates of Bagdad, where, as usual, he requested alms, and thanked heaven in his heart that he was old, deformed, blind, crippled, and limping. All these are so many triumphs, cried he, since I perceive they were not only for my service, but for the glory of God, and Mahomet, and Ali.'



Nature her own Surgeon.

SPEAKING of the nature and cure of *simple* and *compound* fractures, Dr. Hunter observed, in his lectures, that, in treating the *compound*, many surgeons did mischief, and irritated the wound, by their officious and artificial manner of dressing it. Instead of that practice, he commenced treating the *compound*, as much as possible, in the same way as the *simple* fracture: and in confirmation of that practice, used to relate the following singular case, which was always heard with great attention, because the instruction was conveyed in the way of pleasantry.

'A maniacal patient, Mr. G——, who was confined in the Infirmary at Edinburgh, seeming to have recovered a calm and rational state of mind, was allowed to take an airing in the garden by himself. Here he took the resolution of making his escape; and got over the garden wall. In dropping himself from the wall, which was very high, he pulled a

large cap stone along with him, and suffered a very bad *compound* fracture in his leg. He was carried round, and lodged again in the Infirmary in this unhappy condition; and the surgeon, who was presently brought to him, set the leg, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen tailed bandage, &c. in the usual way. After all this, the patient appearing to be very calm, the surgeon gave some proper directions, went away, and the patient was left alone to get some rest, which was thought proper, and seemed to be his own desire. His madness now took a singularly whimsical turn: He knew very well that he had got a miserably broken leg; but his crazy imagination made him believe, that the surgeon had mistaken the leg, had bestowed all his cunning upon the sound leg, which required no attention, and had left the shattered limb to shift for itself. Under this firm persuasion, convinced that his surgeon was too ignorant to perceive his blunder, too conceited to be set right, and too proud to suffer such humiliation, he thought it would be most prudent, in his present state of subjection, for the cure of his broken leg, to make the best use he could of the judgment and dexterity which God had given him. He removed the whole apparatus from the broken leg, with great attention, that he might be able to apply it to the other leg, so exactly in the same manner, that the surgeon should not be able to discover the alteration; and, lest any suspicion should arise, and lead to an inquiry and discovery, he thought he should be still more secure by secreting or hiding the other leg, that it might not be found, and appear in evidence against him.

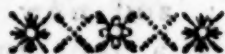
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He therefore tore a large hole in the sheet and feather bed, and buried the wounded leg among the feathers.

Next day, when the surgeon visited him, he said, that for a while he had been in pain, but that by a fortunate and accidental motion of the foot, the pain went off, as by a charm; that he had continued perfectly easy ever since; and therefore was resolved to keep it as steadily as possible in the same situation. The surgeon finding him easy, the pulse quiet, and no symptom whatever of fever, went to the foot of the bed, and lifting up the clothes, said, Let us just see how the foot and leg look. The patient seemed much alarmed at the proposal, and intreated him, for mercy's sake, to desist; because, he said, the least motion in the world would disturb it, and bring all his pain back again. The surgeon assured him that the bed clothes touched nothing but the cradle, and that the lifting them up could not in the least move either the leg or the foot; and then, observing to the students that the appearance of the foot was as favourable as he could wish, he expressed his satisfaction, and went away. Every day's visit, after this, turned out equally satisfactory, both to the surgeon and patient, until the fifth or sixth day, when the surgeon grew very anxious to see the wound, lest any lurking mischief should be concealed, and was determined to remove the dressings. This the patient resisted, first with prayers, and then with imprecations and rage; but at last he was obliged to submit. The surgeon, with a cautious and tender hand, removed the bandages, and, as he went on, expressed the pleasure which he

felt on seeing the skin, both above and below the wound, in so natural a condition. At length he lifted up the dressings, which he found were quite loose, and, seeing a leg now perfectly sound, which, a few days before, he had seen in such a lamentable state, you can better conceive than I can tell how he looked. After a short pause, he passed his fingers along the *tibia*, and then said, I only know that a fracture and wound there certainly was, and now there is certainly neither. Presently he recovered himself enough to recollect that it was the other leg which he had set and dressed; and said, Where is the other leg? turning off the bed clothes at the same time. Lunatics are quick in resources, not easily put out of countenance, and imagine that nobody can doubt what they assert. Mr. G.—, sensible now that the leg would be discovered, drew it out from among the feathers, saying with great expression of resentment and rage, that he would now expose the surgeon's ignorance to the whole world; that he always knew surgeons to be a set of ignorant fellows, though they wore large wigs; and now he would prove it, by a shocking instance to the satisfaction of all present. This leg, said he, holding out the broken leg, with a great cake of blood and feathers crusted over and round the wound, this leg, thank God! is as sound as any man's:—There, pointing to the other, is the broken leg—you see what a desperate condition it is in; and that fellow, being called, did nothing for it:—He was called to set a broken leg; but he did not know a broken leg, and bound up this. After venting some more

more of his indignation and rage in sarcastic and coarse language, he begged that some of the young surgeons would bind up his broken leg again (meaning the sound one) for that it was in great pain, was very much disturbed with this impertinent examination, and, if not taken care of, would make him a miserable object, at best, a cripple for life. The surgeon seeing his patient's imagination so strongly perverted, and being convinced by the agitation which that misapprehension had raised, that it would be, upon the whole, safer to indulge him in his wild conceit, with humanity, as well as good sense, desired the young men to humour him, by putting the apparatus on the sound leg. From that time he was calm, and, in all other things, reasonable. The cure went on with perfect success;—the scab of feathers at last dropped off;—the wound was then found to be healed, and the callous completed: A memorable lesson for surgeons, and a striking instance of the weakness of human reason, of the imperfection of our boasted art, and of the power of nature!"



A remarkable Adventure of some Russian Officers.

SOME Russian officers, in consequence of a military expedition, were sent to Tartary. They reached Tarku, the metropolis of Dagestan Tartary, and stayed in it for some time. Tarku contains about three thousand houses, and is very full of inhabitants. The houses are all two stories high, platformed at top: standing close to each other.

The women walk upon them in the cool of the evenings, as the men do in the streets. Every house has a garden stored with all kinds of delicious fruits, and all well supplied with fine springs of water. As for their women they are incomparably beautiful, both in feature and shape, with a fair clear complexion, accompanied with lovely black eyes and hair. But as the men are very jealous, they are always locked up, so that it is no easy matter to get a sight of them. The Russian officers had liberty to go about the city to buy provisions; and on these occasions they went well attended and well armed. Being one day strolling about the town, they saw one of the principal inhabitants going into his house, and they made bold to throng in with him much against his inclination. But being informed by an interpreter, that they were officers of rank, and that they begged the favour he would indulge their curiosity by shewing them the inside of his house, he at last reluctantly consented, and led them into his apartments. The floors were all covered with very fine Persian tapestry, without any kind of ornament, excepting some very fine mattresses, and silk quilts, upon which they lie at night. They have neither chairs nor tables, but all sit or lie upon the floor. Instead of glass in the windows, they have blinds, very curiously checquered of plaited reed, through which they can see what passes in the street, without being seen within. The walls and ceilings are white, without any ornament.

After this he led the Russian officers into a square court, divided in the middle by a high wall, which separated his own apartments

ments from those of the women. Having shewn them also his garden, well stored with all kinds of fruit, he invited them to sit down with him on a sofa under a piazza and entertained them with coffee, fruits, and sweetmeats; when Capt. Brunie one of the officers shewed him a very pretty shaving glass he carried in his pocket; and observing him to be much pleased with it, he made him a present of it, which seemed to ingratiate the officers with him.

After some conversation with their host, the officers begged the favour of him to let them see his women in their dress, only at a distance: to which, though unwillingly, he at last consented, and went himself to their apartments to order them to get themselves ready; and returning presently, he sat down again and conversed some time with the officers.

He then went again, and brought out four of his wives and eight of his concubines, and placed them all in a row, that the officers might have a full view of them, in which posture he left them standing; and returning himself to the sofa he sat down with the officers. The ladies, however, seemingly displeased to be gazed at, at such a distance, advanced with one accord, and seated themselves upon the sofa, opposite to the officers, at which forwardness the host seemed not at all pleased; and they not regarding him in the least, examined the dress of the officers very narrowly, and put a great many questions to them by their interpreter, especially relating to the dress and customs of their women. On being informed, that in their country no man was permitted to have more than one wife, and that the

women had the same liberty as the men to walk abroad and visit their neighbours, they clapped their hands, and cried out with emotion, 'O happy, happy country!'

Their master not being at all pleased with their conduct, ordered them immediately to their apartments, and they obeyed with much reluctance. They were all most lovely creatures, but the concubines excelled the wives in beauty. The reason is obvious; for, they are married to their wives by proxy: and the others they take from choice.

After some short stay the officers took their leave; having invited their host, to go the next day to see them. Upon his coming they entertained him very handsomely; and he told them at his taking leave, that as they had shown him much politeness and civility, they should always be welcome to his house while they staid in those parts. But although they attempted it, they could never again obtain admission.



Anecdote of Dean SWIFT.

DR. Swift had an odd blunt way that was mistaken by strangers for ill nature; it was so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. One evening Gay and Pope went to see him. On their coming in, "Hey day, gentlemen," said the dean, "what can be the meaning of this visit? How

* The late archbishop of Armagh, happening to object one day in Swift's company to an expression of Pope, as not being the purest English, Swift answered, with his usual roughness, "I could never get the blockhead to study his grammar."

came you to leave all the great lords you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor scurvy dean?" Because we would rather see you than any of them. "Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do, might possibly believe you; but since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose." No, doctor, we have supped already. "Supped already! that is impossible, why it is not eight o'clock." Indeed we have. "That's very strange; but, if you had not supped, I must have got something for you; let me see, a couple of lobsters would have done very well—two shillings; tarts a shilling: but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your time only to spare my pocket." No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you. "But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me; a bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two are four, and one is five; just two and six-pence a piece; there Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, Sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions: and in spite of every thing they could say to the contrary, he actually obliged them to accept the money.



Anecdote of EDWARD RUSSEL.

ON the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russel's house, when he was captain-general and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in the Mediterra-

nean seas. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogsheds of brandy, eight hogsheds of water, 25 thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and, lastly, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and, in all probability, more than 6000 men drank thereof.



Anecdote of a Coal Man.

WHEN the civil war was breaking out about the middle of last century, there lived a memorable small coal man in Kent-street, who had lost most of his customers by endeavouring to be civil to all. The good women on the king's side would buy no small coal from a rogue that conversed with the round heads; and the parliament good housewives withdrew their penny a week from an ungodly incendiary that sold fire to the royalists. What should a poor devil do under this terrible dilemma? He took it wisely into his head to turn ideot, and left off his trade. The consequence fell out to his wish. Both sides took stupidity into its protection; the

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the puritans, because this loss of his wits was a visible judgment from heaven; and the royalists, because he *ran mad from too quick a sense of the times*. And thus a fellow, who was ready to starve by his industry, lived in plenty by his cunning.



Anecdote of Dr. South.

DR. South, when he lived at Caversham, in Oxfordshire, was called out of bed one cold winter's morning, by his clerk, to marry a couple, who were then waiting for him. The doctor hurried up, and went shivering to church, where, when he came, seeing nobody there but an old man of 70, a woman about the same age, and his clerk, he asked in a pet, where the bridegroom and bride were, and what that man and that woman did there? The old man reply'd, *they came there to be married*. The doctor looking sternly at him, *Marry'd? Yes, married*, said the old man hastily; *better marry than do worse*.—Go, get you gone, you silly old fools, said the doctor, *get home and do your worst*; and accordingly hobbled out of church in a great passion, raving at his clerk for calling him out of bed on such a sleeveless errand.



Anecdote of AURENGZEB.

THE famous Mogul emperor, Aurengzeb, having occasion for money, published an edict, requiring all the faquiers* in his kingdom to assemble on a certain day, on a large plain, where he might have the pleasure of dining

with them. He ordered a vast number of new cassocks to be ready against the time, and after dinner, presenting one to every faquier, ordered him to pull off his old one, and throw them in a heap, and caused them all to be burnt. This produced a vast sum. He was no stranger to the tricks of those pretended monks; he knew them to be great collectors of alms, which for safety they quilted in the folds of their cassocks; and this was his motive of generosity to the poor faquiers.



Anecdote of St. FRANCIS.

THE Cordeliers tell a story of their founder, St. Francis, that as he passed the street in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner: upon which the good father, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven, with a secret thanksgiving, *that there was still so much Christian charity left in the world*.



Classical Anecdote.

A STUDENT at one of the universities being called upon for a definition of the Christian virtues, FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY, made his replies in the following order:—

Quid est Fides?—*Quod non vides,*

Quid Spes?—*Vana res.*

Quid Charitas?—*Magna raritas.*

* The faquiers are a sort of begging priests in that country, who affect great poverty, but who concealed vast riches in their rags.

HIS-

HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

[Continued from page 100.]

BUT this deposition did not extinguish the party of Hyrcanus. A new cabal was raised by Antipater an Idumæan proselyte, and father of Herod the Great; who carried off Hyrcanus into Arabia, under pretence that his life was in danger if he remained in Judea. Here he applied to Aretas king of that country, who undertook to restore the deposed monarch; and for that purpose invaded Judea, defeated Aristobulus, and kept him closely besieged in Jerusalem. The latter had recourse to the Romans; and having bribed Scaurus, one of their generals, he defeated Aretas with the loss of 7000 of his men, and drove him quite out of the country. The two brothers next sent presents to Pompey, at that time commander in chief of all the Roman forces in the east, and whom they made the arbitrator of their differences. But he, fearing that Aristobulus, against whom he intended to declare, might obstruct his intended expedition against the Nabatheans, dismissed them with a promise, that as soon as he had subdued Aretas, he would come into Judea and decide their controversy.

This delay gave such offence to Aristobulus, that he suddenly departed for Judea without taking leave of the Roman general, who on his part was no less offended at this want of respect. The consequence was, that Pompey entered Judea with those troops with which he had designed to act against the Nabatheans, and summoned Aristobulus to appear before him. The Jewish prince

would gladly have been excused; but was forced by his own people to comply with Pompey's summons, to avoid a war with that general. He came accordingly more than once or twice to him, and was dismissed with great promises and marks of friendship. But at last Pompey insisted, that he should deliver into his hands all the fortified places he possessed; which led Aristobulus plainly to see that he was in the interest of his brother, and upon this he fled to Jerusalem with a design to oppose the Romans to the utmost of his power. He was quickly followed by Pompey; and, to prevent hostilities, was at last forced to go and throw himself at the feet of the haughty Roman, and to promise him a considerable sum of money as the reward of his forbearance. This submission was accepted; but Gabinius, being sent with some troops to receive the stipulated sum, was repulsed by the garrison of Jerusalem, who shut the gates against him, and refused to fulfil the agreement. This disappointment so exasperated Pompey, that he immediately marched with his whole army against the city.

The Roman general first sent proposals of peace; but finding the Jews resolved to stand out to the last, he began the siege in form. As the place was strongly fortified both by nature and art, he might have found it very difficult to accomplish his design, had not the Jews been suddenly seized with a qualm of conscience respecting the observance of the sabbath-day. From the time of the Maccabees they

they had made no scruple of taking up arms against an offending enemy on the Sabbath ; but now they discovered, that though it was lawful on that day to stand on their defence in case they were actually attacked, yet it was unlawful to do any thing towards the preventing of those preparatives which the enemy made towards such future assaults. As therefore they never moved an hand to hinder the erection of mounds and batteries, or the making of breaches in their walls on the Sabbath, the besiegers at last made a considerable breach on that day, that the garrison could no longer resist them. The city was therefore taken in the year sixty-three B. C. 12,000 of the inhabitants were slaughtered, and many more died by their own hands ; while the priests, who were offering up the usual prayers and sacrifices in the temple, chose rather to be butchered along with their brethren, than suffer divine service to be one moment interrupted. At last, after the Romans had satiated their cruelty with the death of a vast number of the inhabitants, Hyrcanus was restored to the pontifical dignity with the title of *prince* ; but forbid to assume the title of *king*, to wear a diadem, or to extend his territories beyond the limits of Judea. To prevent future revolts, the walls were pulled down ; and Scaurus was left governor with a sufficient force. But before he departed, the Roman general gave the Jews a still greater offence than almost any thing he had hitherto done ; and that was by entering into the most sacred recesses of the temple, where he took a view of the golden table, candlestick, censers, lamps, and all the other sacred

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vessels ; but out of respect to the Deity, forbore to touch any of them, and when he came out commanded the priests immediately to purify the temple according to custom.

Pompey having thus subdued the Jewish nation, set out for Rome, carrying along with him Aristobulus and his sons Alexander and Antigonus, as captives to adorn his future triumph. Aristobulus himself and his son Antigonus were led in triumph ; but Alexander found means to escape into Judea, where he raised an army of 10 000 foot and 1500 horse, and began to fortify several strong holds, from whence he made incursions into the neighbouring country. As for Hyrcanus, he had no sooner found himself freed from his rival brother, than he relapsed into his former indolence, leaving the care of all his affairs to Antipater, who, like a true politician, failed not to turn the weakness of the prince to his own advantage and the aggrandizing of his family. He foresaw, however, that he could not easily compass his ends, unless he ingratiated himself with the Romans ; and therefore spared neither pains nor cost to gain their favour. Scaurus soon after received from him a supply of corn and other provisions, without which his army, which he had led against the metropolis of Arabia, would have been in danger of perishing ; and after this, he prevailed on the king to pay 300 talents to the Romans, to prevent them from ravaging his country. Hyrcanus was now in no condition to face his enemy Alexander ; and therefore had again recourse to the Romans, Antipater at the same time sending as many troops as he could spare

X

to

to join them. Alexander ventured a battle; but was defeated with considerable loss, and besieged in a strong fortress named Alexandrion. Here he would have been forced to surrender; but his mother, partly by her address, and partly by the services she found means to do the Roman general, prevailed upon him to grant her son a pardon for what was past. The fortresses were then demolished, that they might not give occasion to fresh revolts; Hyrcanus was again restored to the pontifical dignity; and the province was divided into five several districts, in each of which a separate court of judicature was erected. The first of these was at Jerusalem, the second at Gadara, the third at Amath, the fourth at Jericho, and the fifth at Sephoris in Galilee. Thus was the government changed from a monarchy to an aristocracy, and the Jews now fell into the hands of domineering lords.

Soon after this, Aristobulus found means to escape from his confinement at Rome, and raised new troubles in Judea, but was again defeated and taken prisoner: his son also renewed his attempts; but was in like manner defeated, with the loss of near 10,000 of his followers; after which Gabinius, having settled the affairs of Judea to Antipater's mind, resigned the government of his province to Crassus. The only transaction during his government was his plundering the temple of all its money and sacred utensils, amounting in the whole to 10,000 Attic talents, *i. e.* above two millions sterling. After this sacrilege, Crassus set out on his expedition against Parthia, where he perished; and his death was by the Jews

interpreted as a divine judgment for his impiety.

The war between Cæsar and Pompey afforded the Jews some respite, and likewise an opportunity of ingratiating themselves with the former, which the politic Antipater readily embraced. His services were rewarded by the emperor. He confirmed Hyrcanus in his priesthood, added to it the principality of Judea to be entailed on his posterity for ever, and restored the Jewish nation to their ancient rights and privileges; ordering at the same time a pillar to be erected, whereon all these grants, and his own decree, should be engraved, which was accordingly done; and soon after, when Cæsar himself came into Judea, he granted liberty also to fortify the city; and rebuild the wall which had been demolished by Pompey.

During the lifetime of Cæsar, the Jews were so highly favoured, that they could scarcely be said to feel the Roman yoke. After his death, however, the nation fell into great disorders; which were not finally quelled till Herod, who was created king of Judea by Marc Anthony in 40 B. C. was fully established on the throne by the taking of Jerusalem by his allies the Romans in 37 B. C. The immediate consequence of this, was another cruel pillage and massacre: then followed the death of Antigonus the son of Aristobulus, who had for three years maintained his ground against Herod, put to death his brother Phasaël, and cut off Hyrcanus's ears, in order the more effectually to incapacitate him for the high-priesthood.

The Jews gained but little by this change of masters. The new king

king proved one of the greatest tyrants mentioned in history. He began his reign with a cruel persecution of those who had sided with his rival Antigonus; great numbers of whom he put to death, seizing and confiscating their effects for his own use. Nay, such was his jealousy in this last respect, that he caused guards to be placed at the city gates, in order to watch the bodies of those of the Antigonian faction who were carried out to be buried, lest some of their riches should be carried along with them. His jealousy next prompted him to decoy Hyrcanus, the banished pontiff, from Parthia, where he had taken refuge, that he might put him to death, though contrary to his most solemn promises. His cruelty then fell upon his own family. He had married Mariamne, the daughter of Hyrcanus; whose brother, Aristobulus, a young prince of great hopes, was made high priest at the intercession of his mother Alexandra. But the tyrant, conscious that Aristobulus had a better right to the kingdom than himself, caused him soon after to be drowned in a bath. The next victim was his beloved queen Mariamne herself. Herod had been summoned to appear first before Marc Anthony, and then before Augustus, in order to clear himself from some crimes laid to his charge. As he was, however, doubtful of the event, he left orders, that in case he was condemned, Mariamne should be put to death. This, together with the death of her father and brother gave her such an aversion for him, that she showed it on all occasions. By this conduct the tyrant's resentment was at last so much inflamed, that having got her falsely accused of

infidelity, she was condemned to die, and executed accordingly. She suffered with great resolution; but with her ended all the happiness of her husband. His love for Mariamne increased so much after her death, that for some time he appeared like one quite distracted. His remorse, however, did not get the better of his cruelty. The death of Mariamne was soon followed by that of her mother Alexandra, and this by the execution of several other persons who had joined with her in an attempt to secure the kingdom to the sons of the deceased queen.

Herod, having now freed himself from the greatest part of his supposed enemies, began to show a greater contempt for the Jewish ceremonies than formerly; and introduced a number of heathenish games, which made him odious to his subjects. Ten bold fellows, at last it took into their heads to enter the theatre where the tyrant was celebrating some games, with daggers concealed under their clothes, in order to stab him or some of his retinue. In case they should miscarry in the attempt, they had the desperate satisfaction to think, that, if they perished, the tyrant would be rendered still more odious by the punishment inflicted on them. They were not mistaken: for Herod being informed of their design by one of his spies, and causing the assassins to be put to a most excruciating death, the people were so much exasperated against the informer, that they cut and tore him to pieces, and cast his flesh to the dogs. Herod tried in vain to discover the authors of this affront; but at last having caused some women to be put to the rack, he extorted from them the names of the principal persons concerned

concerned, whom he caused immediately to be put to death with their families. This produced such disturbances, that, apprehending nothing less than a general revolt, he set about fortifying Jerusalem with several additional works, rebuilding Samaria, and putting garrisons into several fortresses in Judea. Notwithstanding this, however, Herod had shortly after an opportunity of regaining the affections of his subjects in some measure, by his generosity to them during a famine; but as he soon relapsed into his former cruelty, their love was again turned into hatred, which continued till his death.

Herod now, about 23 B. C. began to adorn his cities with many stately buildings. The most remarkable and magnificent of them all, however, was the temple at Jerusalem, which he is said to have raised to a higher pitch of grandeur than even Solomon himself had done. Ten thousand artificers were immediately set to work, under the direction of 1000 priests, the best skilled in carving, masonry, &c. all of whom were kept in constant pay. A thousand carts were employed in fetching materials; and such a number of other hands were employed, that every thing was got ready within the space of two years. After this they set about pulling down the old building, and rearing up the new one with the same expedition: so that the holy place, or temple, properly so called, was finished in a year and an half; during which we are told, that it never rained in the day-time, but only in the night. The remainder was finished in somewhat more than eight years. The temple, properly so called, or holy place, was but 60

cubits high, and as many in breadth; but in the front he added two wings or shoulders, which projected 20 cubits more on each side, and which in all made a front of 120 cubits in length, and as many in height; with a gate 70 cubits high and 20 in breadth, but open and without any doors. The stones were white marble, 25 cubits in length, 12 in height, and 9 in breadth, all wrought and polished with exquisite beauty; the whole resembling a stately palace, whose middle being considerably raised above the extremities of each face, made it afford a beautiful vista at a great distance, to those who came to the metropolis. Instead of doors, the gates closed with very costly veils, enriched with a variety of flowering of gold, silver, purple, and every thing that was rich and curious; and on each side of the gates were planted two stately columns, from whose cornices hung golden festoons and vines, with their clusters of grapes, leaves, &c. curiously wrought. The superstructure, however, which was properly reared on the old foundation without sufficient additions, proved too heavy, and sunk down about 20 cubits; so that its height was reduced to 100. This foundation was of an astonishing strength and height. The platform was a regular square of a stadium or furlong on each side. Each front of the square had a spacious gate or entrance, enriched with suitable ornaments; but that on the west had four gates, one of which led to the palace, another to the city, and the two others to the suburbs and fields. This inclosure was surrounded in the outside with a strong and high wall of large stones, well cemented; and

and on the inside had on each front a stately piazza or gallery, supported by columns of such a bigness, that three men could but just embrace them, their circumference being about 27 feet. There were in all 162 of them, which supported a cedar ceiling of excellent

workmanship, and formed three galleries, the middlemost of which was the largest and highest, it being 45 feet in breadth and 100 in height, whereas those on each side were but 30 feet wide and 50 in height.

[To be continued.]

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ADDRESS TO THE MONTH OF MARCH.

MARCH! thou tyrant, haste
away,

Quick begone, nor make delay;
With thee go, thy blust'ring train,
Windy storm, and chilly rain;
Morning cold, and ev'ning dews;
Coughs, catarrhs, and all their
crews.

Winter bleak, of brow severe,
Frowning on the new born year,
Wrapt in snow, with icy beard,
Never need like thee be fear'd;
Life he breathes in frosty breath;
Far are blown the seeds of death.
Healthful is the north-west gale,
Keen that sweeps the icy vale;
Warming is the fleecy vest,
Open'd wide on nature's breast;
Bracing too the frosted air,
Giving roses to the fair.

But the tyrant March, at morn,
Blows aloud his ærial horn;
Then perhaps at noon tide hour,
Dozing in Eolian bower,
Scarce a zephyr's wing'd around,

Lightly rustling o'er the ground.
Then again with pois'nous breath,
Breathing forth the winds of death,
Shrill the winds his piercing tones,
Arrows sharp to crazy bones,
Colds, catarrhs, and agues rage,
Foe of youth, and plague to age.
Now the sun arises bright,
Drives away the shades of night,
Whilst the azure skies serene,
Smiles in rapture on the scene;
And the heavens reflect around,
Light and beauty o'er the ground.
Then, as wak'd from drowsy nap,
(Ah! to mankind what mishap)
March, he veils the face of day,
Dark obscuring sol's bright ray;
Sombre shadows round are thrown;
Tempests girdle nature's zone.
March! thou tyrant, haste, depart,
See! I spurn thee from my heart;
With thee go thy fatal train,
Windy storms and chilling rain;
Morning cold, and evening dews,
Colds, catarrhs, and all their crews.



PHILANDER to EMILLA.—*An original Poetical Epistle.*

*Certum est in sylvis inter spelæa ferarum,
Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus; crescent illæ; crescetis amores.*—VIRGIL.

FROM these lone wilds, where silent grief retires,
And the deep gloom a solemn awe inspires,

Far

Far, far remov'd from unavailing friends,
 To Emilla these, the lost Philander sends:—
 Ye pensive shades, and thou embow'ring grove,
 Sacred to plaints of unrequited love,
 Where melancholy moans, and sorrows weep,
 O! ease my woes, and lull my cares asleep.
 In vain the stream in soft meanders flows;
 In vain the mossy banks invite repose;
 In vain the trees their leafy branches spread,
 And whisp'ring zephyrs wave the varying shade;
 In vain the little songsters pour their throats,
 And charm the forest with their blended notes;
 In vain these pleasures soothe my soul to rest,
 Emilla flies, and pleasure's banish'd from my breast.
 Oh! think, Emilla, how our love unknown,
 We mutual sigh'd, and yet each sigh'd alone;
 Too young, alas! to own the secret flame,
 The lover 'guis'd with sacred friendship's name:
 With what delight we spent the blissful hours,
 Witness the purling streams, the roseate bow'rs,
 Where, as reclin'd on mossy banks we lay,
 I look'd, I gaz'd, I breath'd my soul away;
 Each thought was rapture, and each thought was love,
 A flame so pure e'en angels might approve.
 And canst thou, say, forget that secret joy?
 Those scenes of bliss, of bliss without alloy?
 Ah! sad reverse! th' unsparing blasts of fame,
 With envious slanders blacken all my name,
 Expos'd to malice of invet'rate foes,
 Pretended friends rejoice to aid my woes;
 But thou, when reason bade thy passion end,
 Could'st lose the lover, yet preserve the friend.
 Oh! had'st thou then despis'd a wretch forlorn,
 I'd lov'd no more, but learnt to bear thy scorn.
 In thy kind converse still I found a charm
 To soothe my cares, and rage of foes disarm.
 Though lost to hope, I still in secret lov'd,
 And, spite of reason, still the flame approv'd.
 Now fortune's chang'd, but fortune's chang'd in vain,
 Her smiles serve only to increase my pain.
 Thy tender bosom for another glows,
 A happy rival now insults my woes.
 Ah, say, Emilla, are those heav'nly charms,
 Reserv'd to grace a faithless lover's arms;
 Shall worth like thine a joyless swain possess,
 Who, blind to merit, knows not half his bliss.—
 Oh! turn, Emilla, cheer thy hopeless swain,
 Dispell my sorrow, and assuage my pain;
 Thy smile alone can bid new joys arise,
 And pleasure sparkle in these faded eyes;

Again

Again the limpid stream, th' embowering grove,
 And blooming mead shall listen to our love.
 No ; heaven's decrees (we must to heaven resign)
 Emilla never, never shall be mine.
 The dear remembrance from thy bosom tear,
 Thy sighs, thy sorrows, and thy tears forbear.
 Some other nymph may yet thy passion move,
 And kind returns efface thy former love.
 In vain, ye nymphs, ye spread your boasted charms,
 In vain allure me to your treach'rous arms ;
 Again Emilla strikes my wand'ring eyes,
 Again I love, and floods of sorrow rise.
 Thy image only can my thoughts employ,
 The bane of peace, yet source of ev'ry joy !
 Now fancy paints thee with a thousand charms,
 All love, all kindness, rushing to my arms,
 Now as to meet thy fond embrace I rise,
 The pleasing phantom's vanish'd from my eyes.
 So fleet my joys ; I yield to grief again,
 I pine, I languish, and I sigh in vain.
 When balmy sleep has laid my eyes to rest,
 What blissful visions soothe my troubled breast !
 Through flow'ry meads we oft together rove,
 Or in some bow'r attest our mutual love :
 Now as I gaze with raptures on thy face,
 Or, half dissolv'd, receive thy kind embrace,
 I wake, then lost the gay delusive scene,
 I close my eyes, and fain would dream again.
 Ah ! say, Philander, shall thy early bloom
 Be lost for ever in this silent gloom ?
 Dead to thyself, and to thy country dead,
 While fame and blazing glory court thy head ;
 While the hoarse trumpet sounds the alarm from far,
 And youthful ardour braves the toils of war :
 In gleaming arms, while dauntless heroes steel'd,
 Reap laurel'd honours on th' embattl'd field ?
 Rise, rise, Philander, at thy country's call,
 And, if thou fall'st, let glory mark thy fall.
 Now brighter prospects open on my view ;
 Ye groves, ye shades, and thou, vain love, adieu.
 I come ; high beats the pulse in ev'ry vein,
 E'en now I rush o'er mountains of the slain ;—
 E'en now I hear the thund'ring cannons roar,
 And groans of thousands weltring in their gore.
 Ah ! why these airy phantoms haunt my brain ?
 Not all their charms can ease a lovers pain ;
 At thought of thee—all other views remove,
 And all my soul is soften'd into love.
 May peace, Emilla, crown thy rolling years,
 And smiling pleasure dissipate thy cares ;

May guardian angels watch around thy head,
And on thy eyelids gentlest slumbers shed ;
May blissful dreams still soften thy repose,
But never, never know a wretch's woes.

C.



EPIGRAM.

WHAT legions of fabled and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel, where priestcraft prevails !
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd ;
What stories and nonsense for faith they believ'd !
But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth now-a-days, are too apt to suspect ;
From believing too much, the right faith we let fall ;
So now we believe, i'faith nothing at all.

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